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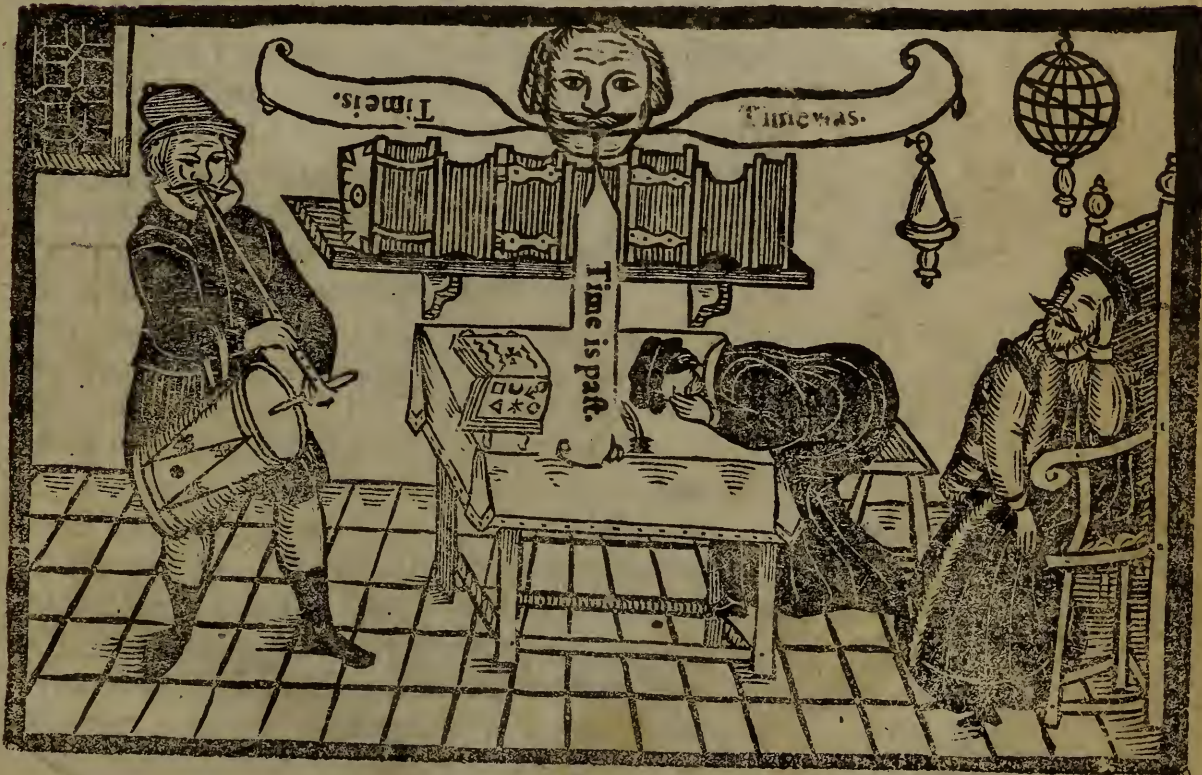
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THE
HONORABLE
HISTORIE OF
FRIER BACON, AND
FRIER BONGAY.

As it was lately plaid by the Prince *Palatine* his Seruants.

Made by *Robert Greene*, Master of Arts.
of



LONDON,
Printed by ELIZABETH ALLDE dwelling
neere Churh-Church. 1630.

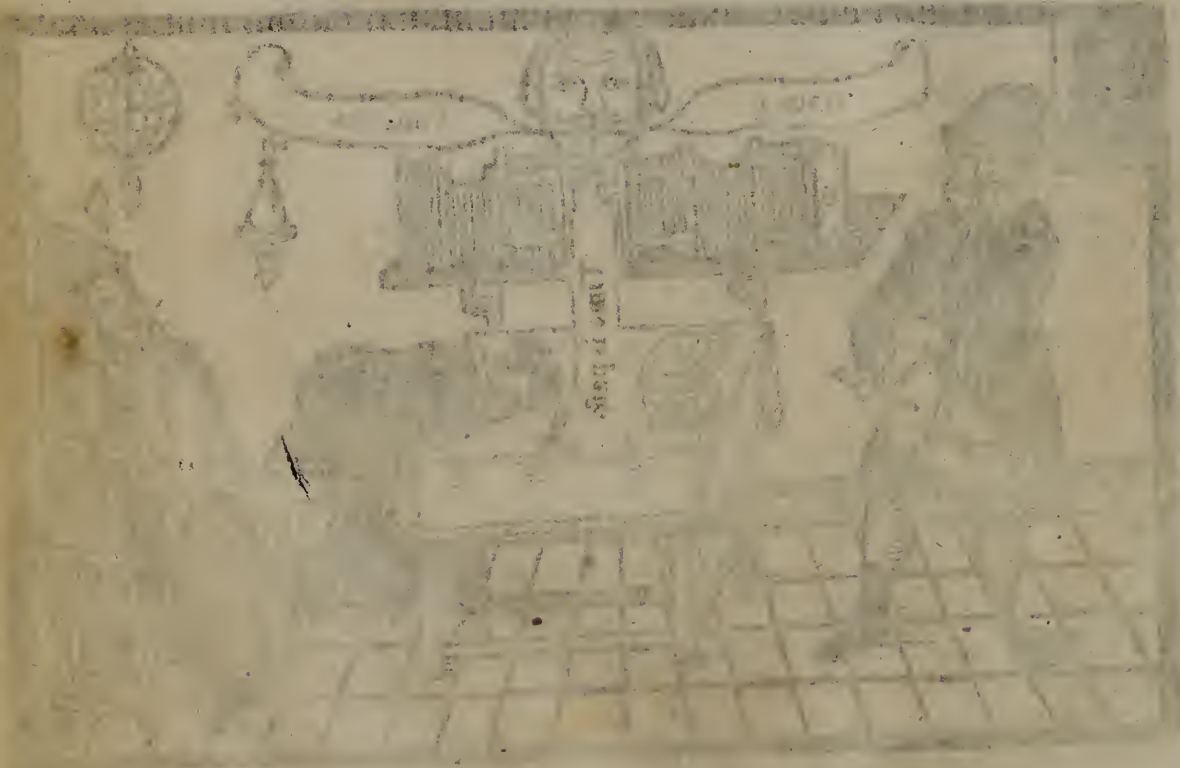
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THE
HONORABLE
HISTORIC

FRIER

149,586

May, 1873,



Printed by ...
New York



THE
HONORABLE HISTORY
OF FRYER BACON.

Enter Edward the first, male contented with Lacy Earle of Lincolne, John Warren Earle of Suffex, and Ermsby Gentleman: Raph Simnell the Kings foole.

Lacie.

WHYY lookes my Lord like to a troubled skie,
When heauens bright shine, is shadowed with a fog:
Alate we ran the Deere and through the Lawnds
Strippt with our Nagges the lofty frolicke Bucks,
That scudded fore the teifers like the wind,
Nere was the Deere of merry *Fresingfield*,
So lustily pull'd downe by iolly mates,
Nor sharde the Farmers such fat venizon,
So frankly dealt this hundred yeeres before:
Nor haue I seene my Lord more frolicke in the chace,
And now chang'd to a melancholy dumpe.

Warren. After the Prince got to the Keepers lodge
And had bin iucond in the house a while:
Tossing of Ale and milke in countrie cannes,
Whether it was the Countries sweet content,
Or else the bonny Damsell fil'd vs drinke
That seem'd so stately in her stammell red:
Or that a qualme did crosse his stomacke then,
But straight he fell into his passions.

Ermsby. Sirra *Raphe*, what say you to your master,
Shall he thus all amort liue malecontent?

Raphe. Hearest thou *Ned*? nay looke if he will speake to me.

The honorable Historie of Fryer Bacon.

Edward. What saist thou to me, Foole?

Raphe. I pree thee tell me *Ned*, art thou in loue with the Keepers daughter?

Edward. How if I be, what then?

Raphe. Why then sirra, Ile teach thee how to deceiue Loue.

Edward. How *Raphe*.

Raphe. Marry sirra *Ned*, thou shalt put on my cap, and my coat, and my dagger, and I will put on thy cloaths, and thy sword, and so thou shalt be my foole.

Edward. And what of this?

Raphe. Why so thou shalt beguile Loue, for Loue is such a proud scab, that he will neuer meddle with fooles nor children. Is not *Raphes* counsell good, *Ned*.

Edward. Tell me *Ned Lacie*, didst thou marke the mayd, How liuely in her country weedes she look't?
A bonier wench all Suffolke cannot yeeld,

All Suffolke, nay all England holds none such.

Raphe. Sirra, *Will Ermsby*, *Ned* is deceiued.

Ermsby. Why *Raphe*?

Raphe. He sayes all England hath no such, and I say, and Ile stand to it, there is one better in Warwickeeshire.

Warren. How prouest thou that *Raphe*?

Raphe. Why is the Abbot a learned man, and hath he read many bookes, and thinkest thou he hath not more learning then thou to choose a bonny wench, yes warrant I thee by his whole Grammar.

Ermsby. A good reason *Raphe*.

Edward. I tell thee *Lacie*, that her sparkling eyes
Doe lighten forth sweet Loues alluring fire:
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such a gaze vpon her golden haire,
Her bashfull white mixt with the mornings red,
Luna doth boast vpon her louely cheekes,
Her front is beauties table wherr she paints
The glories of her gorgious excellence :
Her teeth are shelues of precious Margarites,
Richly enclosed with ruddie curroil cieues.
Tush *Lacie*, she is beauties ouermatch,

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If thou suruauist her curious imagerie:

Lucie. I grant (my Lord) the Damsell is as faire,
As simple *Suffolks* homely townes can yeeld:
But in the Court be qainter Dames then she,
Whose faces are enricht with honors taint,
Whose beauties stand vpon the stage of fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the Court of Loue.

Edm. Ah *Ned*, but hadst thou watcht her as my selfe,
And seene the secret beauties of the maid,
Their courtly coineesse were but foolery.

Ermsby. Why how watcht you her my Lord?

Edward. When as she swept like *Venus* through the house,
And in her shape fast foulded vp my thoughts:
Into the Milkehouse went I with the maid,
And there amongst the cream-boles she did shine,
As *Pallas*, mongst her Princely huswiferie:
She turnd her smocke ouer her lilly armes,
And diued them into milke to run her cheefe:
But whiter then the milke her cristall skin,
Checked with lines of Azur made her blush,
Thar Art or Nature durst bring for compare,
Ermsby if thou hadst seene as I did note it well,
How beauty plaid the huswife, how this girle
Like *Lucrece* laid her fingers to the worke,
Thou wouldst with *Tarquene* hazard *Rome* and all
To win the louely maid of *Fresingfield*.

Raphe. Sirra *Ned*, wouldst faine haue her?

Edward. I *Raphe*.

Raphe. Why *Ned* I haue laid the plot in my head, thou shalt haue her already.

Edward. Ile giue thee a new coat and learne me that.

Raphe. Why sirra *Ned*, weell ride to *Oxford* to Fryer *Bacon*, oh hee is a braue scholler sirra, they say he is a braue Nigromancer, that he can make women of diuells, and he can iuggle cats into Costermongers.

Edward. And how then *Raphe*?

Raphe. Mary sirra, thou shalt goe to him, and because thy father *Harry* shall not misse thee, he shall turne me to thee; and

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He to the Court, and He Prince it out; and he shall make thee either a silken purse, full of gold, or else a fine wrought smocke.

Edward. But how shall I haue the mayd?

Raphe. Marry sirra, if thou be'st a silken purse full of gold, then on Sundayes she'le hang thee by her side, and you must not say a word. Now sir when she comes into a great presse of people, for feare of the Cut-purse on a suddē she'l swap thee into her plackerd, then sirra being there, you may plead for your selfe.

Ermsby. Excellent policy.

Edward. But how if I be a wrought smocke?

Raphe. Then she'le put thee into her chest and lay thee into Lauender, and vpon some good day she'le put thee on, and at night when you goe to bed, then being turn'd from a smocke to a man, you may make vp the match.

Lacie. Wonderfully wisely counselled, *Raphe.*

Edward. *Raphe* shall haue a new Coate.

Raphe. God thanke you when I haue it on my backe, *Ned.*

Edward. *Lacie* the foole hath laid a perfect plot,

For why our Country *Margret* is so coy,

And stands so much vpon her honest points,

That marriage or no market with the mayd:

Ermsby, it must be nigromanticke spels,

And charmes of Art that must inchaine her loue,

Or else shall *Edward* neuer win the girle,

Therefore my wags we'le horse vs in the morne,

And poast to *Oxford* to this iolly Fryer,

Bacon shall by his magicke doe this deed.

Warren. Content my Lord, and thats a speedy way

To weane these head-strong puppies from the teat.

Edward. I am vnknowne, not taken for the Prince,

They onely deeme vs frolicke Courtiers,

That reuell thus among our Lieges game:

Therefore I haue deuised a policy,

Lacie, thou know'st next Friday is *St. Iames*,

And then the Country flockes to *Harlston* faire,

Then will the Keepers daughter frolicke there,

And ouer-thine the troupe of all the maides,

That come to see, and to be seene that day.

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Haunt thee disguis'd among the Countrie swaines,
Faine th'art a Farmers sonne, not farre from thence,
Espie her loues, and who she liketh best:
Coat him, and court her to controle the clowne,
Say that the Courtier tyred all in greene,
That helpt her handsomly to run her cheefe,
And fild her fathers lodge with venison,
Commends him, and sends fairings to her selfe,
Buy something worthy of her parentage,
Not worth her beauty, for *Lacie*, then the Faire
Affords no Jewell fitting for the mayd:
And when thou talkest of me, note if she blush,
Oh then she loues, but if her cheekes waxe pale,
Disdaine it is. *Lacie*, send how she fares,
And spare no time nor cost to win her loues.

Lacie. I will, my Lord, so execute this charge,
As if that *Lacie* were in loue with her.

Edward. Send letters speedily to *Oxford* of the newes.

Raphe. And sirra *Lacie*, buy me a thousand thousand million
of fine bells.

Lacie. What wilt thou doe with them, *Raphe*?

Raphe. Mary euery time that *Ned* sighs for the Keepers
daughter, Ile tye a bell about him, so within three or foure
dayes I will send word to his father *Harry*, that his sonne and
my master *Ned* is become Loues Morris dance.

Edward. Well, *Lacie*, looke with care vnto thy charge,
And I will haste to *Oxford* to the Fryer,
That he by Art, and thou by secret gifts,
Maist make me Lord of merry *Fresingfield*.

Lacie. God send your Honour your hearts desire. *Exeunt*.

*Enter Fryer Bacon, with Miles his poore scholer with bookes vnder his
arme, with them Burden, Mason, Clement, three Doctors.*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?

Miles. Hic sum doctissime & reuerendissime Doctor.

Bacon. Attulisti nos libros meos de Necromantia.

Miles. Ecce quam bonum & quam incundum habitare libros in
unum.

Bacon.

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Bacon. Now Masters of our Academick State,
That rule in *Oxford* Vice-roies in your place,
Whose heads containe Maps of the liberall Arts,
Spending your time in depth of learned skill,
Why flocke you thus to *Bacons* secret Cell,
A Fryer newly italde in *Brazennose*,
Say whats your minde, that I may make reply.

Burden. *Bacon*, we heare, that long we haue suspectt,
That thou art read in Magicks mystery,
In Piromancy, to diuine by flames,
To tell by Hadromaticke, ebbes and tides,
By Æromancy, to discouer doubts,
To plaine out questions, as *Apollo* did.

Bacon. Well Master *Burden*, what of all this?

Miles. Mary sir, he doth but fulfill by rehearsing of these
names, the Fable of the Fox & the Grapes, that which is aboue
vs, pertaines nothing to vs.

Burden. I tell thee *Bacon*, *Oxford* makes report,
Nay *England*, and the Court of *Henry* sayes,
Thart making of a brazen head by Art,
Which shall vnfold strange doubts and Aphorismes,
And read a Lecture in Philosophy,
And by the helpe of Devils and ghastry fiends,
Thou meanst ere many yeeres or dayes be past,
To compasse *England* with a wall of brasse.

Bacon. And what of this?

Miles. What of this, Master? why he doth speake mystical-
ly, for he knowes if your skill faile to make a brazen head, yet
Mother Waters strong Ale will fit his turne to make him haue
a copper nose.

Clement. *Bacon*, we come not greeuing at thy skill,
But ioying that our Academy yeelds
A man suppos'd the wonder of the world,
For if thy cunning worke these miracles,
England and *Europe* shall admire thy fame,
And *Oxford* shall in characters of brasse,
And statues, such as were built vp in *Rome*,
Eternize Fryer *Bacon* for his Art.

Mason.

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Mason. Then gentle Fryer, tell vs thy intent.

Bacon. Seeing you come as friends vnto the Fryer,
Resolue you Doctors, *Bacon* can by bookes,
Make storming Boreas thunder from his caue,
And dimme faire Luna to a darke Eclipse,
The great Arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles, when *Bacon* bids him, or his fiends,
Bow to the force of his Pentageron.
What Art can worke, the frolicke Fryer knowes,
And therefore will I turne my Magicke bookes,
And straine out Nigromancie to the deepe,
I haue contriu'd and fram'd a head of brasse,
(I made Belcephon hammer out the stuffe)
And that by Art shall read Philosophy,
And I will strengthen *England* by my skill,
That if ten *Cesars* liu'd and raign'd in Rome,
With all the Legions Europe doth containe,
They should not touch a grasse of English ground,
The worke that *Ninus* reard at Babylon,
The brazen walls fram'd by *Semiramis*,
Carued out like to the portall of the Sunne,
Shall not be such as rings the English strond :
From Douer to the market place of Rye.

Burden. Is this possible ?

Miles. Ile bring ye two or three witnesses.

Burden. What be those ?

Miles. Marry sir, three or foure as honest Deuils, and good companions as any be in hell.

Mason. No doubt but Magicke may doe much in this,
For he that reads but Mathemoticke rules,
Shall finde conclusions, that auaille to worke
Wonders that passe the common sence of men.

Burden. But *Bacon* roues a bow beyond his reach,
And tels of more then Magicke can performe :
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries,
Haue I not past as farre in state of schooles,

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And read of many secrets? yet to thinke,
That heads of brasse can vtter any voyce,
Or more to tell of deepe Philosophy,
This is a Fable *Aesope* had forgot.

Bacon. *Burden*, thou wrongt me in detracting thus,
Bacon loues not to stuffe himselfe with lyes :
But tell me fore these Doctors if thou dare,
Of certaine questions I shall moue to thee.

Burden. I will, aske what thou can.

Miles. Mary sir, hee'le straight bee on your pickpocketo
know whether the feminine or the masculine gender be most
worthy.

Bacon. Were you not yesterday Master *Burden* at *Henly* vpon
Themes?

Burden. I was, what then?

Bacon. What booke studyed you thereon all night?

Burden. I, none at all, I read not there a line.

Bacon. Then Doctors, Fryer *Bacons* Art knowes nought.

Clement. What say you to this, Master *Burden*; doth hee not
touch you?

Burden. I passe not of his friuolous speeches.

Miles. Nay Master *Burden*, my master ere hee hath done
with you, will turne you from a Doctor to a dunce, and shake
you so small, that he will leaue you no more learning in you then
is in *Balaams* Ass.

Bacon. Masters, for that learned *Burdens* skill is deepe,
And fore he doubts of *Bacons* Cabalisme :
Ile shew you why he haunts to *Henly* oft,
Not Doctors for to taste the fragrant aire :
But there to spend the night in Alchymy,
To multiply with secret spels of Art.
Thus priuat steales he learning from vs all,
To proue my saying true, Ile shew you straight,
The booke he keepes at *Henly* for himselfe.

Miles. Nay, now my master goes to coniuration, take heede.

Bacon. Masters, stand still, feare not, Ile shewe you but his
booke.

Here

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Here bee coniures.

Per omnes doos infernales Beleephon.

Enter a woman with a shoulder of mutton on a spit, and a Devill.

Miles. Oh master cease your coniuration, or you spoile all, for her's a she deuill come with a shoulder of mutton on a spit, you haue marde the deuils supper, but no doubt he thinkes our Colledge fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cooke with a shoulder of mutton to make it exceed.

Hostesse. Oh where am I, or whats become of me?

Bacon. What art thou?

Hostisse. Hostesse at *Henly*, mistresse of the Bell.

Bacon. How camest thou here?

Hostesse. As I was in the kitchen mongst the maids;
Spitting the meate against supper for my guesse:
A motion moued me to looke forth of dore,
No sooner had I pryed into the yard,
But straight a whirlewind hoisted me from thence,
And mounted me aloft vnto the cloudes:
As in a trance I thought nor feared nought,
Nor know I where or whither I was tane:
Nor where I am, not what these persons be.

Bacon. No, know you not master *Burden*?

Hostesse. Oh yes good sir, he is my daily guest.
What, master *Burden*, 'twas but yesternight,
That you and I at *Henly* plaid at cardes.

Burden. I know not what we did, a poxe of all coniuring Fryers.

Clement. Now iolly Fryer tell vs, is this the booke that *Burden* is so carefull to looke on?

Bacon. It is, but *Burden*, tell me now,
Thinkest thou that *Bacons* Nicromanticke skill
Cannot performe his head and wall of brasse,
When he can fetch thine hostesse in such poste?

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Miles. Ile warrant you, Master, if Master *Burden* could con-
iure as well as you, he would haue his booke euery night from
Henly to study on at *Oxford*.

Mason. Burden, what are you mated by this frolicke Fryer?
Looke how he droops, his guilty conscience
Drives him to bash and makes his hostesse blush.

Bacon. Well Mistris for I will not haue you mist,
You shall to *Henly* to cheere vp your guests
Fore supper ginne. *Burden,* bid her adew,
Say farewell to your hostesse fore she goes,
Sirra away, and set her safe at home.

Hostesse. Master *Burden,* when shall we see you at *Henly*?

Exeunt Hostesse and the Deuill.

Burden. The Deuill take thee and *Henly* too.

Miles. Master, shall I make a good motion?

Bacon. Whats that?

Miles. Mary fir, now that my hostesse is gone to prouide
supper, coniure another spirit, and send Doctor *Burden* flying
after.

Bacon. Thus Rulers of our Academicke State,
You haue seene the Fryer frame his Art by prooffe :
And as the Colledge called Brazen-nose,
Is vnder him, and the Master there :
So surely shall this head of brasse be fram'd,
And yeeld forth strange and vncoth Aphorismes :
And Hell and Heccate shall faile the Fryer,
But I will circle *England* round with brasse.

Miles. So be it, & *nunc & semper,* Amen.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Margaret the faire mayd of Fresingfield, with Thomas and
Ione, and other clownes: Lacie disguised in Country apparell.*

Thomas. By my troth, *Margret,* here's a wether is able to
make a man call his father whorson, if this wether hold, we shall
haue

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haue hay good chape, and butter and cheefe at *Harlston* will beare no price.

Margret. Thomas, maids when they come to see the faire
Count not to make a cope for dearth of hay,
When we haue turn'd our butter to the salt,
And set our cheefe vpon the rackes.

Then let our fathers prise it as they please,
We Countrie fluts of merry *Fresingfield*,
Come to buy needlesse noughts to make vs fine,
And looke that young-men should be francke this day,
And court vs with such fairings as they can.

Phæbus is blithe and frolicke, lookes from heauen,
As when he courted louely *Semele*:

Swearing the Pedlers shall haue empty packs,
If that faire weather may make chapmen buy.

Lacie. But louely *Peggy Semele* is dead,
And therefore *Phæbus* from his Palace pries,
And seeing such a sweet and seemely saint,
Shewes all his glory for to court your selfe.

Margret. This is a fairing gentle sir indeed,
To sooth me vp with such smooth flatterie,
But learne of me, your scoffe's to broad before:
Well *Ione*, our beauties must abide their iests,
We serue the turne in iolly *Fresingfield*.

Ione. *Margret*, a Farmers daughter for a Farmers sonne,
I warrant you the meanest of vs both,
Shall haue a mate to leade vs from the Church:
But *Thomas*, whats the newes? what in a dumpe?
Giue me your hand, we are neere a Pedlers shop,
Out with your purse, we must haue fairings now.

Thomas. Faith *Ione* and shall, Ile bestow a fairing on you, and
then we will to the Tauern, and snap off a pint of wine or two.

All this while Lacie whispers Margret in the eare.

Margret. Whence are you sir, of *Suffolke*? for your tearmes
are finer then the common sort of men.

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Lacy. Faith louely girle, I am of *Beckles* by,
Your neighbour not aboue six miles from hence,
A Farmers sonne that neuer was so quaint,
But that he could doe courtesie to such Dames :
But trust me *Margret* I am sent in charge,
From him that reueld in your fathers house,
And filld his Lodge with cheere and venison,
Tyred in greene, he sent you this rich purse :
His token that he helpt you run your cheefe,
And in the milkehouse chatted with your selfe.

Margret. To me? you forget your selfe.

Lacy. Women are often weake in memory.

Margret. Oh pardon sir, I call to minde the man,
Twere little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for loue :
For we haue little leisure to debate of that.

Ioue. What, *Margret*, blush not, maides must haue their
loues.

Thomas. Nay by the masse she lookes pale as if she were
angrie.

Richard. Sirra are you of *Beckles*? I pray how doth goodman
Cob? my father bought a horse of him, Ile tell you *Margret*, a
were good to be a Gentlemans iade, for of all things the foule
hilding could not abide a dung-cart.

Margret. How different is this Farmer from the rest,
That earst as yet hath pleas'd my waandering sight
His words are witty, quickened with a smile,
His courtesie gentle, smelling of the Court,
Facill and debonaire in all his deeds,
Proportion'd as was *Paris*, when in gray,
He courted *Enon* in the vale by *Troy*.
Great Lords haue come and pleaded for my loue,
Who but the Keepers Lasse of *Fresingfield*?
And yet me thinkes this Farmers ioylly sonne,
Passeth the proudest that hath pleas'd mine eye.
But *Peg* disclose not that thou art in loue,

And

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And shew as yet no signe of loue to him,
Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy loue:
Keepe that to thee till time doth serue thy turne,
To shew the grieffe wherein thy heart doth burne.
Come *Ione* and *Thomas*, shall we to the Faire,
You Beckles man will not forsake vs now.

Lacy. Not whilst I may haue such quaint girles as you.

Margret. Well if you chance to come by Frefingfield,
Make but a stept into the Keepers Lodge,
And such poore fare as Woodmen can affoord,
Butter and cheese, creame, and fat venizon,
You shall haue store, and welcome therewithall.

Lacy. Gramarcies *Peggie*, looke for me ere long.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Henry the third, the Emperour, the King of Castile, Elinor his daughter, Jaques Vandermaest a Germane.

Henry. Great men of *Europe*, Monarkes of the West,
Ring'd with the walls of old *Oceanus*,
Whose lofty surges like the battlements,
That compact high built *Babell* in with *Towres*,
Welcome my Lords, welcome braue western Kings,
To *Englands* shore, whose promontory cleeces,
Shewes *Albion* is another little world,
Welcome sayes English *Henry* to you all,
Chiefly vnto the louely *Elsonor*,
Who darde for *Edwards* sake cut through the seas,
And venture as *Agenor*s Damself through the deepe,
To get the loue of *Henries* wanton son.

Castile. *Englands* rich Monarke braue *Plantagenet*,
The *Pyren* mounts swelling aboue the clouds,
That ward the wealthy *Castile* in with walls,
Could not detaine the beautious *Eleanor*,
But hearing of the fame of *Edwards* youth,
She darde to brooke *Neptunus* haughty pride,
And bide the brunt of froward *Eolus*,

Then

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Then may faire *England* welcome her the more.

Elinor. After that English *Henry* by his Lords,
Had sent Prince *Edwards* louely counterfeit,
A present to the Castile *Elinor*,
The comly pourtrait of so braue a man,
The vertuous fame discoursed of his deeds,
Edwards couragious resolution,
Done at the holy Land fore Damas walls,
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equall links,
To like so of the English Monarchs sonne,
That I attempted perils for his sake.

Emperour. Where is the Prince, my Lord ?

Henrie. He posted downe, not long since from the Court,
To Suffolke side, to merry Fremingham,
To sport himselfe amongst my fallow Deere,
From thence by packets sent to Hampton house,
We heare the Prince is ridden with his Lords,
To Oxford in the Academy there,
To heare dispute amongst the learned men:
But we will send forth letters for my sonne,
To will him come from Oxford to the Court.

Emp. Nay rather *Henry*, let vs as we be,
Ride for to visit Oxford with our traine,
Faine would I see your Vniuersities,
And what learned men your Academy yeelds,
From *Haspurg* haue I brought a learned Clerke,
To hold dispute with English Orators.
This Doctour furnam'd *Iaques Vandermaest*,
A Germane borne, past into *Padua*,
To *Florence*, and to faire *Bolonia*,
To *Paris*, *Rheims*, and stately *Orleans*,
And talking there with men of Art, put downe
The chiefest of them all in Aphorismes,
In Magicke, and the Mathematike rules,
Now let vs *Henry* trie him in your Schooles.

Henry. He shall my Lord, this motion likes me well,

Weele

The honorable Historie Fryer of Bacon.

Weele progresse straight to *Oxford* with our traines,
And see what men our Academy brings.
And wonder *Vandermaſt* welcome to me,
In *Oxford* ſhalt thou finde a iolly Fryer,
Cald Fryer *Bacon*, *Englands* only flowre,
Set him but Non-plus in his magicke ſpels,
And make him yeeld in Mathematicke rules,
And for thy glory I will bind thy browes,
Not with a Poets Garland made of Bayes,
But with a Coronet of choicest gold,
Whilſt then we ſit to *Oxford* with our troupes,
Lets in and banquet in our English Court.

Exit.

Enter Raphe Simnell in Edwards apparell, Edward, Warren, Ermsby, diſguiſed.

Raphe. Where be theſe vagabond knaues, that they attend
no better on their maſter?

Edward. If it pleaſe your Honour, we are ready at an inch.

Raphe. Sirra *Ned*, Ile haue no more poſte-horſe to ride on,
Ile haue another fetch.

Ermsby. I pray you how is that, my Lord?

Raphe. Mary ſir, Ile ſend to the Ile of Eely for foure or ſiue
dozen of Geefe, and Ile haue them tide fixe and fixe together
with whip-cord. Now vpon their backs will I haue a faire
field bed, with a Canopy, and ſo when it is my pleaſure, Ile flee
into whatplace I pleaſe; this will be eaſie.

Warren. Your honour hath ſaid well, but ſhall we to *Brazen-
noſe Colledge* before we pull off our bootes.

Ermsby. *Warren*, well motioned, we will to the Fryer
Before we reuell it within the towne.

Raphe, ſee you keepe your countenance like a Prince.

Raphe. Wherefore haue I ſuch a company of cutting knaues
to wait vpon me, but to keepe & defend my countenance againſt
all mine enemies? haue you not good ſwords and bucklers?

Enter Bacon and Miles.

Ermsby. Stay, who comes here?

C

Warren.

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Warren. Some Scholer, and we'le aske him where Fryer Bacon is.

Bacon. Why thou arrant dunce, shall I neuer make thee good scholer, doth not all the Towne crie out, and say, Fryer *Bacons* subfiser is the greatest block-head in all Oxford? why thou canst not speake one word of true Latine.

Miles. No sir, yes what is this else; *Ego sum tuus homo*, I am your man, I warrant you sir, as good *Tullies* phrase as any is in Oxford.

Bacon. Come sirra, what patt of speech is *Ego*.

Miles. *Ego*, that is I, mary *nomen substantiuo*.

Bacon. How proue you that?

Miles. Why sir, let him proue himselfe and a will, I can be heard felt and vnderstood.

Bacon. Oh grosse dunce.

Here beate him.

Edward. Come let vs breake off this dispute between these two. Sirra, where is Brazen-nose Colledge?

Miles. Not farre from Copper-smiths hall.

Edward. What doest thou mocke me?

Miles. Not I sir, but what would you at Brazen-nose?

Ermsby. Mary we would speake with Fryer Bacon.

Miles. Whose men be you?

Ermsby. Mary scholler, here's our master.

Raphe. Sirra, I am the master of these good-fellowes, maist thou not know me to be a Lord by my reparrell?

Miles. Then here's good game for the hawke, for here's the master-foole, and a couie of Cockscombes, one wise man I think would spring you all.

Edward. Gogs wounds *Warren* kill him.

Warren. Why *Ned*, I thinke the deuill be in my sheath, I cannot get out my dagger.

Ermsby. Nor I mine, Swones *Ned*, I thinke I am bewicht.

Miles. A company of Scabbes, the proudest of you all draw your weapon if he can.

See

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See how boldly I speake now my master is by.

Edward. I strue in vaine, but if my sword by shut,
And coniured fast by magicke in my sheath,
Villaine here is my fist.

Strike him a boxe on the eare.

Miles. Oh I beseech you coniure his hand too, that he may
not lift his armes to his head, for he is light-finger'd.

Raph. Ned strike him, Ile warrant thee by mine honour.

Bacon. What meanes the English Prince to wrong my man?

Edward. To whom speakest thou?

Bacon. To thee.

Edward. Who art thou?

Bacon. Could you not iudge when all your swords grew fast,
That Fryer Bacon was not farre from hence,
Edward King *Henries* sonne, and Prince of Wales,
Thy foole disguis'd cannot conceale thy selfe,
I know both *Ermsby* and the Suffex Earle,
Else Fryer Bacon had but little skill.

Thou comest in poast from merry Frefingfield,
Fast fancied to the Keepers bonny Lasse,
To craue some succour of the iolly Fryer,
And *Lacy* Earle of Lincolne hast thou left,
To treat faire *Margret* to allow thy loues:
But friends are men, and Loue can baffle Lords.
The Earle both woos and courts her for himselfe.

Warren. Ned, this is strange, the Fryer knoweth all.

Ermsby. Apollo could not vtter more then this.

Edward. I stand amazed to heare this iolly Fryer,
Tell euen the very secrets of my thoughts:
But learned *Bacon* since thou knowest the cause,
Why I did poast so fast from Frefingfield,
Helpe Fryer at a pinch; that I may haue
The loue of louely *Margret* to my selfe,
And as I am true Prince of Wales, Ile giue
Liuing and lands to strength thy Colledge state.

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Warren. Good Fryer helpe the Prince in this.

Raphe. Why seruant *Ned*, will not the Fryer doe it? Were not my sword glued to my scabberd by coniuration, I would cut off his head and make him doe it by force.

Miles. In faith my Lord, your manhood and your sword is all alike, they are so fast coniured that we shall neuer see them.

Ermsby. What Doctor in a dumpe? tush helpe the Prince, And thou shalt see how liberall he will proue,

Bacon. Craue not such actions, greater dumps then these, I will my Lord straine out my magicke spels, For this day comes the Earle of Fresingfield; And fore that night shuts in the day with darke, They'le be betrothed each to other fast: But come with me, weele to my study straight, And in a glasse prospectiue I will shew What's done this day in merry Fresingfield.

Edward. Gramercies *Bacon*, I will quite thy paine.

Bacon. But send your traine, my Lord, into the Towne, My scholler shall goe bring them to their Inne: Meane while weele see the knauery of the Earle.

Edward. *Warren*, leaue me and *Ermsby*, take the foole, Let him be master, and goe reuell it, Till I and Fryer *Bacon* take a while.

Warren. We will, my Lord.

Raphe. Faith *Ned*, and Ile Lord it out till thou comest, Ile be Prince of *Wales* ouer all the blacke pots in *Oxford*. *Exeunt.*

Bacon and Edward gos into the study.

Bacon. Now frolicke *Edward*, welcome to my Cell, Here tempers Fryer *Bacon* many toyes: And hold this place his Consistory Court, Wherein the deuils pleade homage to his words, Within this glasse prospectiue thou shalt see This day what's done in merry Fresingfield, Twixt louely *Peggie* and the *Lincolne* Earle.

Edward.

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Edward. Fryer, thou gladst me, now shall *Edward* trie,
How *Lacy* meaneth to his Soueraigne Lord.

Bacon. Stand there and looke directly in the glasse.

Enter Margret and Fryer Bungay.

Bacon. What sees my Lord?

Edward. I see the Keepers louely lasse appeare,
As bright-sunne as the Paramour of *Mars*,
Onely attended by a iolly Fryer.

Bacon. Sit still and keepe the cristall in your eye.

Margret. But tell me Fryer *Bungay*, is it true,
That this faire courteous Country Swaine,
Who sayes his father is a Farmer nye,
Can be Lord *Lacy* Earle of Lincolnshire.

Bungay. *Peggie* 'tis true, 'tis *Lacy* for my life :
Or else mine Art and cunning both doe faile,
Left by Prince *Edward* to procure his loues :
For he in greene that holpe to run your cheese,
Is sonne to *Henry*, and the Prince of Wales.

Margret. Be what he will, his lure is but for lust.
But did Lord *Lacie* like poore *Margret*,
Or would he daine to wed a Countrie Lasse?
Fryer, I would his humble hand-maid be,
And for grear wealth, quite him with courtesie.

Bungay. Why *Margret* dost loue him?

Margret. His personage like the pride of vaunting Troy,
Might well auouch to shadow *Hellens* cape :
His wit is quicke and ready in conceit,
As Greece affoorded in her chieffest prime
Courteous, ah Fryer full of pleasing smiles,
Trust me I loue too much ; to tell thee more,
Suffice to me he is Englands Paramour.

Bungay. Hath not each eye that viewd thy pleasing face,
Surnamed thee faire mayd of *Fresingfield*?

Margret. Yes *Bungay*, and would God the louely Earle

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Had that in esse, that so many sought.

Bungay. Feare not, the Fryer will not be behind,
To shew his cunning to entangle Loue.

Edward. I thinke the Fryer courts the bonny wench,
Bacon, me thinkes he is a lustie churle.

Bacon. Now looke, my Lord.

Enter Lacy.

Edwards. Gogs wounds *Bacon,* here comes *Lacy.*

Bacon. Sit still my Lord, and marke the Comedy.

Bungay. Here's *Lacy, Margret,* step aside a while.

Lacy. *Daphne* the Damsell, that caught *Phœbus* fast,
And lockt him in the brightnesse of her lookes,
Was not so beautilous in *Apollo's* eyes,
As is faire *Margret* to the Lincolne Earle,
Recant thee: *Lacy,* thou art put in trust,
Edward thy Soueraignes son hath chosen thee
A secret friend to court her for himselfe:
And darest thou wrong thy Prince with trecherie?
Lacy, Loue makes no exception of a friend,
Nor deemes it of a Prince, but as a man:
Honour bids me controll him in his lust,
His wooing is not for to wed the girle,
But to intrap her and beguile the lasse:
Lacy, thou louest, then brooke not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy Princes frowne:
For dye, then see her liue disgrac'd.

Margret. Come, Fryer, I will shake him from his dumpes,
How cheere you sir, a penny for your thought:
Your early vp, pray God it be the neere,
What 'are come from Beckles in a morne so soone?

Lacy. Thus watchfull are such men as liue in loue,
Whose eyes brooke broken slumbers for their sleepe.
I tell thee, *Peggie,* since last Harlston faire,
My minde hath felt a heape of passions.

Margret.

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Margret. A truffy man that court it for your friend,
Woo you still for the Courtier all in greene?
I maruell that he sues not for himselfe.

Lacy. Peggie, I pleaded first to get your grace for him:
But when mine eyes suruaid your beautious lookes,
Loue like a wagge, straight diued into my heart,
And there did shrine the Idea of your selfe:
Pittie me though I be a Farmers sonne,
And measure not my riches, but my loue.

Margret. You are very hasty for to garden well,
Seeds must haue time to sprout before they spring,
Loue ought to creepe as doth the dyals shade,
For timely ripe, is rotten too too soone.

Bungay. *Deus hic*, roome for a merry Fryer,
What, youth of Beckles, with the Keepers Lasse?
'Tis well, but tell me here you any newes;

Margret. No, Fryer, what newes.

Bungay. Heare you not how the Purseuants doe poast,
With Proclamations through each Country towne?

Lacy. For what, gentle Fryer? tell the newes.

Bungay. Dwelst thou in Beckles, & hear'st not these newes?
Lacy the Earle of Lincolne is late fled
From Windsor Court, disguised like a Swaine,
And lurkes about the Country here vnknowne.

Henry suspects him of some treachery,
And therefore doth proclaime in euery way,
That who can take the Lincolne Earle, shall haue
Paid in the Exchequer twenty thousand Crownes.

Lacy. The Earle of Lin. olne? Fryer, thou art mad,
It was some other, thou mistakest the man:
The Earle of Lincolne? why it cannot be.

Margret. Yes, very well my Lord, for you are he,
The Keepers daughter tooke you prisoner,
Lord *Lacy* yeeld, Ile be your gailor once.

Edward. How familiar they be, *Bacon.*

Bacon. Sit still, and marke the sequell of their loues.

Lacy.

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Lacie. Then am I double prisoner to thy selfe,
Peggie, I yeeld, but are these newes in iest?

Margret. In iest with you, but earnest vnto me:
For why, these wrongs doe wring me at the heart,
Ah how these Earles and Noble-men of birth,
Flatter and faine to forge poore womens ill!

Lacie. Beleeue me, Lasse, I am the Lincolne Earle,
I not deny, but tyred thus in rags,
I liued disguisd to win faire *Peggies* loue.

Margret. What loue is there where wedding ends not loue?

Lacie. I meant, faire girle, to make thee *Lacies* wife.

Margret. I little thinke that Earles will stoop so low.

Lacie. Say, shall I make thee Countesse ere I sleepe?

Margret. Handmaid vnto the Earle so please himselfe:
A wife in name, but seruant in obedience.

Lacie. The Lincolne Countesse, for it shall be so,
Ile plight the bands and seale it with a kisse.

Edward. Gogs wounds, *Bacon,* they kisse, Ile stab them.

Bacon. Oh hold your hands (my Lord) it is the glasse.

Edward. Coller to see the traitors gree so well,
Made me thinke the shadowes substances.

Bacon. 'Twere a long Poinard, my Lord, to reach betweene
Oxford and Fresingfield, but sit still and see more.

Bungay. Well, Lord of Lincolne, if your loues be knit,
And that your tongues and thoughts doe both agree:
To auoid insuing iarres, Ile hamper vp the match,
Ile take my Portace forth, and wed you here,
Then goe to bed and seale vp your desires.

Lacie. Fryer, content, *Peggie* how like you this?

Margret. What likes my Lord, is pleasing vnto me.

Bungay. Then hand-fast hand, and I will to my booke.

Bacon. What sees my Lord now?

Edward. *Bacon,* I see the Louers hand in hand,
The Fryer ready with his Portace there,
To wed them both, then am I quite vndone,
Bacon, helpe now, if ere thy magicke seru'd,

Helpe,

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Bacon, helpe now, if ere thy magicke seru'd,
Helpe, *Bacon*, stop the marriage now,
If Deuils or Nigromancie may suffice,
And I will giue thee fortie thousand Crownes.

Bacon. Feare not, my Lord, Ile stop the iolly Frier,
For mumbling vp his orisons this day.

Lacy. Why speak'st not *Bungay*? Frier, to thy booke.

Bungay is mute, crying, Hud, hud.

Margret. How lookest thou, Frier, as a man distraught,
Rest of thy fences, *Bungay*? shew by signes
If thou be dumbe, what passion holdeth thee.

Lacy. He's dumbe indeed: *Bacon* hath with his Deuils
Inchanted him, or else some strange disease,
Or Apoplexie hath possesst his lungs:
But, *Peggie*, what he cannot with his booke,
We'le twixt vs both vnite it vp in heart.

Margret. Else let me die (my Lord) a miscreant.

Edward. Why stands Frier *Bacon* so amaz'd?

Bacon. I haue struk him dumb, my Lord, & if your honor please;
Ile fetch this *Bungay* straightway from Fresingfield,
And he shall dine with vs in Oxford here.

Edward. *Bacon*, doe that, and thou contentest me.

Lacy. Of courtesie, *Margret*, let vs lead the Frier
Vnto thy fathers lodge, to comfort him
With broths to bring him from this haplesse trance.

Margret. Or else my Lord, we were passing vnkinde
To leaue the Frier so in his distresse.

Enter a Deuill, and carry Bungay on his backe.

Margret. O helpe, my Lord, a Deuill, a Deuill, my Lord,
Looke how he carries *Bungay* on his backe:
Let's hence, for *Bacous* spirits be abroad:

Exeunt.

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Edward. Bacon, I laugh to see the iolly Fryer
Mounted vpon the Deuill. and how the Earle
Flees with his bonny lasse for feare.

Affoone as *Bungay* is at Brazen-nose,
I will in poast hie me to Fresingfield,
And quite these wrongs on *Lacy* ere it be long.

Bacon. So be it, my Lord, but let vs to our dinner:
For ere we haue taken our repast awhile,
We shall haue *Bungay* brought to Brazen-nose.

Exeunt.

Enter three Doctors, Burden, Mason, Clement.

Mason. Now that we are gathered in the Regent house,
It fits vs talke about the long repaire,
For he troop't with all the Westerne Kings,
That lye alongt the Danfick Seas by East,
North by the clime of frostie Germany,
The Almaine Monarke, and the Scocon Dirke,
Castile, and louely *Ellinor*, with him,
Haue in their iests resolved for Oxford Towne.

Burden. We must lay plots for stately Tragedies,
Strange Comicke shoues, such as proud *Rossins*
Vaunted before the Romane Emperours.

Clement. To welcome all the Westerne Potentates,
But more the King by letters hath fore-told,
That *Fredericke* the Almaine Emperour,
Hath brought with him a Germane of esteeme,
Whose surname is Don *Iaques Vandermast*,
Skilfull in Magicke and those secret arts.

Mason. Then must we all make sute vnto the Fryer,
To Frier *Bacon*, that he vouch this taske,
And vndertake to counteruaile in skill
The Germane, else there's none in Oxford can
Match and dispute with learned *Vandermast*.

Burden. *Bacon*, if he will hold the German play,

Well

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We'le teach him what an English Frier can doe :
The Deuill I thinke dare not dispute with him.

Clement. Indeed mas Doctor, he pleased you,
In that he brought your hostesse with her spit,
From Henly, posting vnto Brazen-nose.

Burden. A vengeance on the Frier for his paines,
But leauing that, let's to Bacon straight,
To see if he will take this taske in hand.

Clement. Stay ! what rumour is this ? The towne is vp in a
mutiny, what hurly burly is this ?

Enter a Constable, with Raphe, Warren, Ermsby, and Miles.

Constable. Nay masters, if you were ne'r so good, you shall
before the Doctors to answer your misdemeamour.

Burden. Whats the matter, fellow ?

Constable. Mary sir, here's a company of Rufflers, that drink-
ing in the Tauerne, haue made a great brawle, and almost kild
the Vintner.

Miles. *Saluo;* Doctor *Burden*, this lubberly Lurden,
Ill shapt and ill faced, disdain'd and disgraced,
What he tels vnto *vobis, mentitur de nobis.*

Burden. Who is the master and chiefe of this crue ?

Miles. *Ecce asinum mundi, figura rotandi,*
Neat, sheat and fine, as briske as a cup of wine.

Burden. What are you ?

Raphe. I am, father Doctor, as a man would say, the Belwea-
ther of this company, these are my Lords, and I the Prince of
Wales.

Clement. Are you *Edward* the Kings sonne ?

Raphe. Sirra *Miles*, bring hither the Tapster that drew the
wine, & I warrant when they see how soundly I haue broke his
head, thei'le say 'twas done by no lesse man then a Prince.

Mason. I cannot belecue that this is the Prince of Wales.

Warren. And why so, sir ?

Mason. For they say the Prince is a braue & a wise Gentleman.

Warren. Why, and thinkest thou, Doctor, that he is not so ?

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Dar'ft thou detract and derogate from him,
Being fo louely and fo braue a Youth ?

Ermsby. Whose face fhining with many a sugred fmile,
Bewrayes that he is bred of princely race.

Miles. And yet, mafter Doctor, to speake like a Proctor,
And tel! vnto you, what is veriment and true,
To ceafe off this quarrell; looke but on his apparell,
Then marke but my talis, he is great Prince of Walis,
The cheefe of our *gregis*, and *filius Regis*,
Then ware what is done, for he is *Henries* white sonne.

Raphe. Doctors, whose doting night-caps are not capable of
my ingenious dignity, know that I am *Edward Plantagenet*,
whom if you displeafe, will make a ship that shall hold all your
Colleges, and fo carry away the Niniuerfity with a faire wind,
to the Bankefide in Southwarke, how faift thou *Ned Warraine*,
shall I not doe it ?

Warren. Yes my good Lord, and if it please your Lordship,
I will gather vp all your old pantophles, and with the corke,
make you a Pinnis of five hundred tunne, that shall ferue the
turne maruellous well, my Lord.

Ermsby. And I my Lord will haue Pioners to vndermine the
Towne, that the very Gardens and Orchards be carryed away
for your Summer walkes.

Miles. And with *scientia* and great *diligentia*,
Will coniure and charme, to keepe you from harme,
That *utrum horum manis*, your very great *nauis*,
Like Bartlets ship, from Oxford doe skip,
With Colledges and schooles, full loaden with fooles,
Quid dices ad hoc, worshipfull *Domine Dawcocke* ?

Clement. Why harebraind Courtiers, are you drunke or mad,
To taunt vs vp with fuch scurrilitie ?
Deeme you vs men of bafe and light esteeme,
To bring vs fuch a fop for *Henries* sonne ?
Call out the Beadles and conuay them hence
Straight to Bocardo, let the Roifters lie
Close clapt in bolts, vntill their wits be tame.

Ermsby.

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Ermsby. Why, shall we to prison my Lord? (presence?)

Raphe. What saist, *Miles*, shall I honour the prison with my

Miles. No, no, out with your blades, and hamper these Iades,
Haue a flurt and a crash, now reuell dash,
And teach these Sacerdos, that the Bocardos,
Like Pezzants and elues, are meet for themselues.

Mason. To the prison with them, Constable.

Warren. Well (Doctors) seeing I haue sported me,
With laughing at these mad and merry waggess,
Know that Prince *Edward* is at Brazen-nose,
And this, attired like the Prince of Wales,
Is *Raphe*, King *Henries* only loued foole,
I, Earle of Essex, and this *Ermsby*,
One of the priuie Chamber to the King,
Who while the Prince with Frier *Bacon* staies,
Haue reuel'd in Oxford as you see.

Mason. My Lord, pardon vs, we knew not what you were;
But Courtiers may make greater scapes then these,
Wilt please your Honour dine with me to day?

Warren. I will, master Doctor, and satisfie the Vintner for
his hurt; only I must desire you to imagine him all this fore-
noone the Prince of Wales.

Mason. I will, sir.

Raphe. And vpon that I will lead the way, onely I will haue
Miles goe before me, because I haue heard *Henry* say, that wise-
dome must goe before Maiestie. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Prince Edward with his poinard in his band, Lacy
and Margret.*

Edward. *Lacie*, thou canst not shroud thy traitrous thoughts,
Nor couer, as did *Cassius*, all his wiles,
For *Edward* hath an eye that lookes as farre,
As *Lincæus* from the shores of *Grecia*.
Did not I sit in Oxford by the Fryer,
And see thee court the maid of *Fresingfield*,

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Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kisse?
Did not proud *Bungay* draw his portasse forth,
And ioyning hand in hand, had married you,
If Frijer *Bacon* had not strooke him dumbe,
And mounted him vpon a spirits backe,
That we might chat at Oxford with the Frier?
Traytor, what answer'st? Is not all this true?

Lacy. Truth all, my Lord, and thus I make reply,
At Harlstone Faire there courting for your Grace,
When as mine eye suruaid her curious shape,
And drew the beautious glory of her lookes,
To diue into the center of my heart,
Loue taught me that your Honour did but iest,
That Princes were in fancy but as men,
How that the louely maid of Fresingfield
Was fitter to be *Lacies* wedded wife,
Then Concubine vnto the Prince of Wales.

Edward. Iniurious *Lacy*, did I loue thee more
Then *Alexander* his *Hephestian*?
Did I vnfold the passions of my loue,
And locke them in the clozet of thy thoughts?
Wert thou to *Edward* second to himselfe,
Sole friend, and partner of his secret loies;
And could a glaunce of fading beauty breake
Th'inchained fetters of such priuat friends?
Base coward, false, and too effeminate,
To be corriual with a Prince in thoughts!
From Oxford haue I posted since I dinde,
To quite a Traytor 'fore that *Edward* sleepe?

Margret. 'Twas I, my Lord, not *Lacy* slept awry:
For oft he sued and courted for your selfe,
And still woo'd for the Courtier all in greene:
But I, whom fancy made but ouer-fond,
Pleaded my selfe with lookes as if lou'd,
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,
And still bewitcht lou'd *Lacie* with my lookes,

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My heart with sighes, mine eyes pleaded with teares,
My face held pittie and content at once,
And more I could not cypher out by signes,
But that I lou'd Lord *Lacy* with my heart :
Then worthy *Edward*, measure with thy minde,
If womens fauours will not force men fall,
If beauty, and if darts of piercing loue,
Is not of force to bury thoughts of friends.

Edward. I tell thee, *Peggie*, I will haue thy loues,
Edward, or none shall conquer *Margret* ;
In Frigats bottom'd with rich Sethin planks,
Top't with the lofty Firs of Libanon,
Stem'd and incast with burnisht Iuory,
And ouer-laid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like *Thetis* shalt thou wanton on the waues,
And draw the Dolphins to thy louely eyes,
To dance Lauoltas in the purple streames,
Sirens with harpes and siluer Psalteries,
Shall wait with musicke at thy Frigots stem,
And entertaine faire *Margret* with her layes ;
England and Englands wealth shall wait on thee ,
Brittaine shall bend vnto her Princes loue,
And doe due homage to thine Excellence,
If thou wilt be but *Edwards Margret*.

Margret. Pardon, my Lord, if *Ioues* great Royalty
Sent me such presents as to *Danas*,
If *Phæbus* tyed in *Latonas* webs,
Come courting from the beauty of his lodge,
The dulcet tunes of frolicke *Mércurie*,
Not all the wealth heauens treasury affords,
Should make me leaue Lord *Lacy*, or his loue.

Edward. I haue learn'd at Oxford then this point of schooles,
Ablata causa, tollitur effectus.
Lacy, the cause, that *Margret* cannot loue,
Nor fixe her liking on the English Prince.
Take him away, and then the effects will faile.

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Villaine, prepare thy selfe : for I will bathe
My poinard in the bosome of an Earle.

Lacie. Rather then liue , and misse faire *Margrets* loue,
Prince *Edward*, stop not at the fatall doome,
But stab it home, end both my loues and life.

Marg. Braue Prince of Wales, honour'd for Royall deeds,
Twere sinne to staine faire *Venus* courts with blood,
Loues conquest ends, my Lord, in courtesie,
Spare *Lacy*, gentle *Edward*, let me dye,
For so both you and he doe cease your loues.

Edward. *Lacie* shall die as Traitor to his Lord.

Lacy. I haue deserued it, *Edward*, act it well.

Marg. What hopes the Prince to gaine by *Lacies* death?

Edward. To end the loues 'twixt him and *Margaret*.

Marg. Why, thinks King *Henries* son that *Margrets* loue
Hangs in th' vncertaine ballance of proud Time,
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?
No, stab the Earle, and 'fore the morning Sun
Shall vaunt him thrice ouer the lofty East,
Margret will meet her *Lacy* in the heauens.

Lacy. If ought betides to louely *Margret*,
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europes rich wealth, nor Englands Monarchie,
Should not allure *Lacy* to ouer-liue.

Then *Edward*, short my life, and end her loues.

Marg. Rid me, and keepe a friend worth many loues.

Lacy. Nay, *Edward*, keepe a loue worth many friends.

Marg. And if thy mind be such as fame hath blaz'd,
Then Princely *Edward*, let vs both abide
The fatall resolution of thy rage,
Banish thou fancie, and imbrace reuenge,
And in one toombe knit both our carkases,
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect loue,

Edward. *Edward*, art thou that famous Prince of Wales,
Who at *Damasco* beat the Sarazens,
And broughtst home triumph on thy Lances point?

And

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And shall thy plumes be puld by *Venus* downe?

Is't princely to disseuer Louers loues?

Leaue, *Ned*, and make a vertue of this fault,

And further *Peg* and *Lacy* in their loues;

So in subduing fancies passion,

Conquering thy selfe, thou get'st the richest spoile.

Lacy, rise vp. Faire *Peggie*, here's my hand,

The Prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts,

And all his loues he yeelds vnto the Earle.

Lacy, enioy the maid of *Fresingfield*,

Make her thy *Lincolne Countesse* at the Church.

And *Ned*, as he is true *Plantagenet*,

Will giue her to thee frankly for thy wife.

Lacy. Humbly I take her of my Soueraigne,

As if that *Edward* gaue me Englands right,

And rich't me with the Albion Diadem.

Margret. And doth the English Prince meane true?

Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loues,

And yeeld the title of a Country maid,

Vnto Lord *Lacy*?

Edward. I will, faire *Peggie*, as I am true Lord.

Margret. Then Lordly Sir, whose conquest is as great,

In conquering loue, as *Cesars* victories,

Margret as milde and humble in her thoughts,

As was *Aspatia* vnto *Cyrus* selfe,

Yeelds thanks, and next Lord *Lacy*, doth inshrine

Edward the second secret in her heart.

Edward. Gramercy, *Peggie*, now that vowes are past,

And that your loues are not to be reuolt:

Once, *Lacy*, friends againe, come, we will poast

To Oxford: for this day the King is there,

And brings for *Edward* Castile *Ellinor*.

Peggie, I must goe see and view my wife;

I pray God I like her as I loued thee.

Beside, Lord *Lincolne*, we shall heare dispute,

Twixt Fryer Bacon, and learned *Vandermaff*.

Peggy, we'le leaue you for a weeke or two.

Margret. As it please Lord *Lacy* : but loues foolish looks
Thinke footsteps miles, and minutes to be houres.

Lacy. Ile hasten, *Peggie*, to make short returne,
But please your Honour goe vnto the Lodge,
We shall haue Butter, Cheese, and Venison.
And yesterday I brought for *Margret*,
A lusty bottle of neat Clarret wine :
Thus can we feast and entertaine your Grace.

Edward. 'Tis cheere, Lord *Lacy*, for an Emperour,
If he respect the person and the place.
Come, let vs in, for I will all this night
Ride poast vntill I come to *Bacons* cell.

Exeunt.

*Enter Henry, Emperour, Castile, Ellinor, Vander-
mast, Bungay.*

Emperour. Trust me, *Plantagenet*, these Oxford Schooles
Are richly seated neere the Riuer side :

The mountaines full of fat and fallow Deere,
The battling pastures laid with Kine and Flocks,
The Towne gorgeous with high built Colledges,
And Schollers seemely in their graue attire,
Learned in searching the principles of Art.
What is thy iudgement, *Iaques Vandermast* ?

Vander. That Lordly are the buildings of the Towne,
Spatious the roomes, and full of pleasant walkes :
But for the Doctors, how that they be learned,
It may be meanely, for ought I can heare.

Bungay. I tell thee, Germane, Halpurge holds none such,
None read so deepe, as Oxenford containes,
There are within our Academicke state,
Men that may lecture it in Germany,
To all the Doctors of your Belgicke Scholes.

Henry. Stand to him, *Bungay*, charme this *Vandermast*.
And I will vse thee as a Royall King.

Vandermast.

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Vandermaſt. Wherein dareſt thou diſpute with me?

Bungay. In what a Doctor and a Fryer can.

Vandermaſt. Before rich Europes Worthies put thou forth
The doubtfull queſtion vnto *Vandermaſt.*

Bungay. Let it be this, Whether the ſpirits of Piromancy or
Geomancy, be moſt predominant in Magicke?

Vander. I ſay, of Piromancy.

Bungay. And I of Geomancy.

Vander. The Cabbaliſts that write of Magicke ſpels,
As *Hermes*, *Melchis*, and *Pythagoras*,
Affirme that 'mongſt the quadruplicity
Of elementall eſſence, *Terra* is but thought,
To be a *punctum* ſquared to the reſt:
And that the compaſſe of aſcending elements
Exceed in bigneſſe as they doe in height;
Iudging the concaue Circle of the Sunne,
To hold the reſt in his Circumference;
If then, as *Hermes* ſayes, the fire be great'ſt,
Pureſt, and onely giueth ſhapes to ſpirits:
Then muſt theſe Demones that haunt that place,
Be euery way ſuperiour to the reſt.

Bungay. I reaſon not of elementall ſhapes,
Nor tell I of the concaue latitudes,
Noting their eſſence, nor their quality,
But of the ſpirits that Piromancy calls,
And of the vigour of the Geomanticke Fiends.
I tell thee, Germane, Magicke hants the grounds,
And thoſe ſtrange Negromanticke ſpels,
That worke ſuch ſhewes and wondring in the world,
Are acted by thoſe Geomanticke ſprites,
That *Hermes* calleth *Terra filij*.
The fierie ſpirits are but transparent ſhades,
That lightly paſſe as Heralds to beare newes,
But earthly Fiends cloz'd in the loweſt deepe,
Diſſeuer mountaines, if they be but char'd,
Being more groſſe and maſſie in their power.

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Vandermaſt. Rather theſe earthly Geomantike ſpirits,
Are dull and like the place where they remaine:
For when proud Lucifer fell from the heauens,
The ſpirits and Angels that did ſin with him,
Retain'd their locall eſſence as their faults,
All ſubiects vnder *Lunas* Continent,
They which offended leſſe, hang in the fire,
And ſecond faults did reſt within the aire,
But Lucifer and his proud-hearted fiends,
Were throwne into the Center of the earth,
Hauing leſſe vnderſtanding then the reſt,
As hauing greater ſinne, and leſſer grace.
Therefore ſuch groſſe and earthly ſpirits doe ſerue,
For Iuglers, Witches, and vild Sorcerers,
Whereas the Piromanticke Genij,
Are mighty, ſwift, and of farre reaching power.
But grant that Geomancie hath moſt force,
Bungay, to pleaſe theſe mighty Potentates,
Proue by ſome inſtance what thy Art can doe.

Bungay. I will.

Emper. Now English *Harry*, here begins the game,
We ſhall ſee ſport betweene theſe learned men.

Vandermaſt. What wilt thou doe?

Bungay. Shew thee the Tree leau'd with refined gold,
Whereon the fearefull Dragon held his ſeate,
That watcht the Garden cald Hesperides,
Subdued and wonne by conquering *Hercules*.

Vandermaſt. Well done.

*Here Bungay conjures, and the Tree appears with the
Dragon ſhooting fire.*

Henric. What ſay you Royall Lordlings to my Fryer?
Hath he not done a point of cunning ſkill?

Vander. Ech Scholler in the Negromanticke ſpels
Can doe as much as *Bungay* hath perform'd.

But

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But as *Alcmenas* bastard rais'd this Tree,
So will I raise him vp as when he liued,
And cause him pull the Dragon from his feate,
And teare the branches piecemeale from the roote,
Hercules, *Prodi*, *Prodi*, *Hercules*.

Hercules appears in his *Lyou*s skin.

Hercules. *Quis me vult?*

Vandermaest. *Ioues* bastard sonne, thou *Libian Hercules*,
Pull off the sprigs from off the *Hesperian* Tree,
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.

Hercules. *Fiat*.

Here he begins to breake the branches.

Vander. Now *Bungay*, if thou canst by *Magicke* charme
The Fiend, appearing like great *Hercules*,
From pulling downe the branches of the Tree,
Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.

Bungay. I cannot.

Vander. Cease *Hercules*, vntill I giue thee charge.
Mighty Commander of this *English* Ile,
Henric, come from the stout *Plantagenets*,
Bungay is learned enough to be a Fryer:
But to compare with *Iaques Vandermaest*,
Oxford and *Cambridge* must goe seeke their *Celles*,
To find a man to match him in his Art.
I haue giuen *non-plus* to the *Paduans*,
To them of *Sien*, *Flörence*, and *Bologna*,
Rheims, *Louain*, and faire *Roterdam*,
Franckford, *Lutrech*, and *Orleance*:
And now must *Henric*, if he doe me right,
Crowne me with *Lawrell*, as they all haue done.

Enter Bacon.

Bacon. All haile to this *Royall* Company,

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That fit to heare and see this strange dispute :

Bungay, how standst thou as a man amaz'd?

What, hath the Germane acted more then thou?

Vandermaſt. What art thou that questionst thus?

Bacon. Men call me *Bacon*.

Vander. Lordly thou look'st, as if that thou wert learn'd?
Thy countenance, as if science held her ſeate
Betweene the circled arches of thy browes.

Henry. Now Monarks, hath the Germane found his match?

Emperour. Beſtirre thee *Iaques*, take not now the foile,
Leſt thou doeſt loſe, what foretime thou didſt gaine.

Vandermaſt. *Bacon*, wilt thou diſpute?

Bacon. No, vnleſſe he were more learn'd then *Vandermaſt*.
For yet tell me, what haſt thou done?

Vandermaſt. Raiſ'd *Hercules* to ruinate that tree,
That *Bungay* mounted by his Magicke ſpels.

Bacon. Set *Hercules* to worke.

Vander. Now *Hercules*, I charge thee to thy taſke,
Pull off the golden branches from the roote.

Hercules. I dare not. Seeſt thou not great *Bacon* here,
Whoſe frowne doth act more then thy Magicke can?

Vandermaſt. By all the Thrones, and Dominations,
Vertues, Powers, and mightie Hierarchies,
I charge thee to obey to *Vandermaſt*.

Hercules. *Bacon*, that bridles headſtrong *Belzephon*,
And rules *Aſinenoth* guider of the North:
Binds me from yeelding vnto *Vandermaſt*.

Hen. How now, *Vandermaſt*, haue you met with your match?

Vander. Neuer before waſ't knowne to *Vandermaſt*,
That men held *Deuils* in ſuch obedient awe.

Bacon doth more then Art, or elſe I faile.

Emperour. Why, *Vandermaſt*, art thou ouercome?
Bacon diſpute with him, and try his ſkill;

Bacon. I come not, Monarks, for to hold diſpute
With ſuch a Nouice as is *Vandermaſt*;
I came to haue your Royalties to dine

With

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With Fryer Bacon here in Brazen-nose ;
And, for this Germane troubles but the place,
And holds the Audience with a long suspence,
He send him to his Academie hence.

Thou *Hercules*, whom *Vandermaſt* did raiſe,
Transport the Germane vnto Haſpurge ſtraight,
That he may learne by trauell 'gainſt the Springs,
More ſecret doomes and Aphoriſmes of Art,
Vanish the Tree, and thou away with him.

Exit the Spirit with Vandermaſt, and the Tree.

Emperour. Why, *Bacon*, whither doeſt thou ſend him ?

Bacon. To Haſpurge, there your Highneſſe at returne,
Shall finde the Germane in his Study ſafe.

Henry. *Bacon*, thou haſt honoured England with thy ſkill,
And made faire Oxford famous by thine Art,
I will be Engliſh *Henry* to thy ſelfe.

But tell me, ſhall we dine with thee to day ?

Bacon. With me, my Lord ; and while I fit my chéere,
See where Prince *Edward* comes to welcome you :
Gracious as the morning-ſtarre of heauen. *Exit.*

Enter Edward, Lacie, Warren, Ermsby.

Emperour. Is this Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Royall ſonne ?
How martiall is the figure of his face !
Yet lovely and beſet with Amorets.

Henry. Ned, where haſt thou beene ?

Edward. At Framingham, my Lord, to trye your Buckes,
If they could ſcape the teifers or the toile :
But hearing of theſe Lordly Potentates
Landed, and progreſt vp to Oxford towne,
I poſted to giue entertaine to them,
Cheefe to the Almaine Monarke, next to him,
And ioynt with him, Caſtile, and Saxonie,

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Are welcome as they may be to the English Court.
Thus for the men. But see, *Venus* appeares,
Or one that ouermatcheth *Venus* in her shape,
Sweet *Ellinor*, beauties high-swelling pride,
Rich natures glorie, and her wealth at once :
Faire of all faires, welcome to Albion,
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine owne,
If that thou daïn'st the welcome from my selfe.

Ellinor. Martiall *Plantagenet*, *Henries* high-minded sonne,
The marke that *Ellinor* did count her aime,
I lik't thee 'fore I saw thee ; now I loue,
And so as in so short time I may :
Yet so, as time shall neuer breake that so,
And therefore so accept of *Ellinor*.

Castile. Feare not, my Lord, this couple will agree,
If loue may creepe into their wanton eyes :
And therefore, *Edward*, I accept thee here,
Without suspence, as my adopted sonne.

Henry. Let me that ioy in these conforing greets,
And glory in these honours done to *Ned*,
Yeeld thanks for all these fauours to my sonne,
And rest a true *Plantagenet* to all.

Enter Miles with a cloth and trenchers, and salt.

Miles. *Salute omnes Reges*, that gouerne your Greges, in
Saxony, and Spaine, in England, and in Almaine : for all this
frolicke rable must I couer the table, with trenchers, salt, and
cloth, and then looke for your broth.

Emperour. What pleasant fellow is this ?

Henry. Tis, my Lord, Doctor *Bacons* poore Scholler.

Miles. My master hath made me sewer of these great Lords,
and (God knowes) I am as seruiceable at a table, as a Sow is
vnder an Apple tree : 'tis no matter, their cheere shall not be
great, and therefore what skils where the salt stand before or
behinde ?

Castile.

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Castile. These Schollers know more skill in Axiomes,
How to vse quips and sleights of Sophistrie,
Then for to couer courtly for a King.

*Enter Miles with a messe of pottage and broth, and
after him Bacon.*

[*Miles.* Spill, sir? why, doe you thinke I neuer carried
two-penny chop before in my life? By your leaue, *Nobile decus*,
for here comes Doctor *Bacons pecus*, being in his full age, to car-
ry a messe of pottage.

Bacon. Lordlings, admire not if your cheere be this,
For we mult keepe our Academicke fare,
No riot where Philosophy doth raigne:
And therefore, *Henry*, place these Potentates,
And bid them fall vnto their frugall cates.

Emp. Presumptuous Fryer, what, scoff'st thou at a King?
What, doest thou taunt vs with thy peazants fare,
And giues vs cates fit for Country Swaines?

Henric, proceeds this iest of thy consent,
To twit vs with a pittance of such price?
Tell me, and *Fredericke* will not grieue thee long.

Henric. By *Henries* honour and the Royall faith
The English Monarke beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the Fryers feeble fare,
Nor am I pleas'd he entertaines you thus.

Bacon. Content thee, *Frederick*, for I shewd thee cates,
To let thee see how schollers vse to feede:
How little meate refines our English wits.

Miles take away, and let it be thy dinner.

Miles. Mary sir, I will, this day shall be a festiuall day with mee:
For I shall exceed in the highest degree. *Exit Miles.*

Bacon. I tell thee, Monarke, all the Germane Peeres
Could not afford thy entertainment such,
So Royall and so full of Maiestie,

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As *Bacon* will present to *Fredericke*,
The Basest waiter that attends thy cups,
Shall be in honours greater then thy selfe :
And for thy cates rich Alexandria drugges,
Fetcht by Carueils from Ægyptys richest straights:
Found in the wealthy strond of Affrica,
Shall Royallize the table of my King,
Wines richer then the Gyprian Courtisan-
Quaft to *Augustus* Kingly countermatch,
Shalbe carrowst in English *Henries* feasts :
Candy shall yeeld the richest of her canes,
Persia downe her *Volga* by Canows,
Send downe the secrets of her spicerie.
The Africke Dates, *mirabiles* of Spaine,
Conferues, and Suckets from Tiberias,
Cates from Iudea choiser then the lampe
That fiered Rome with sparkes of gluttony,
Shall beautifie the boord for *Fredericke*,
And therefore grudge not at a Fryers feast.

Enter two Gentlemen, Lambert, and Serlsby,
with the Keeper.

Lambert. Come frolicke, Keeper of our Lieges game,
Whose rable spred hath euer Venison,
And Jacks of wine to welcome passengers,
Know I am in loue with iolly *Margret*,
That ouer-shines our Damsels, as the Moone
Darkneth the brightest sparkles of the night,
In Laxfield here my land and liuing lies,
Ile make thy daughter ioynter of it all,
So thou consent to giue her to my wife,
And I can spend fise hundred markes a yeere.

Serlsby. I am the Lands-lord Keeper of thy holds,
By cobby all thy liuing lies in me.
Laxfield did neuer see me raise my due,
I will infeoffe *Margret* in all,

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So she will take her to a lusty Squire.

Keeper. Now courteous Gentles, if the Keepers girle
Hath pleas'd the liking fancy of you both,
And with her beauty hath subdued your thoughts,
'Tis doubtfull to decide the question.

It ioyes me that such men of great esteeme,
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate,
To be a wife to meaner men then you,
But sith such Squires will stoope to Keepers fee,
I will. t' anoyd displeasure of you both,
Call *Margret* forth, and she shall make her choise.

Exit.

Lambert. Content, *Keeper*, send her vnto vs.
Why, *Serlsby*, is thy wife so lately dead?
Are all thy loues so lightly passed ouer,
As thou canst wed before the yeere be out?

Serlsby. I liue not, *Lambert*, to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her,
The graue ends, and begins a married state.

Enter Margret.

Lambert. *Peggie*, the louely flowers of all townies,
Suffolks faire *Hellen*, and rich Englands star,
Whose beauty tempered with her hufwifrie,
Makes England talke of merry *Fresingfield*.

Serlsby. I cannot tricke it vp with poesies,
Nor paint my passions with comparifons,
Nor tell a tale of *Phœbus* and his loues,
But this belecue me, *Laxfield* here is mine,
Of ancient rent seuen hundred pounds a yeere,
And if thou canst but loue a Country Squire,
I will infeoffe thee, *Margret*, in all,
I cannot flatter, trie me if thou please.

Mar. Braue neighb'ring Squires, the stay of Suffolks clime,
A Keepers daughter is too base in gree

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To match with men accounted of such worth :

But might I not displease, I would reply.

Lambert. Say, *Peggie*, nought shall make vs discontent.

Margret. Then Gentiles, note that loue hath little stay,

Nor can the flames that *Venus* sets on fire,

Be kindled but by fancies motion,

Then pardon, Gentiles, if a maids reply

Be doubtfull, while I haue debated with my selfe,

Who, or of whom loue shall constraime me like.

Serlsby. Let it be me, and trust me, *Margret*,

The meads inuironed with siluer streames,

Whose battling pastures fatten all my flockes,

Yeelding forth fleeces stapled with such wooll,

As Lempster cannot yeeld more finer stuffe,

And forty kine with faire and burnisht heads,

With strouting duggs that puggle to the ground,

Shall serue thy dary if thou wed with me.

Lambert. Let passe the Country wealth, as flocks and kine,

And lands that waue with *Ceres* golden sheaues,

Filling my barnes with plenty of the fields :

But, *Peggie*, if thou wed thy selfe to me,

Thou shalt haue garments of imbrodred silke,

Lawnes, and rich net-works for thy head attire,

Costly shall be thy faire habilliments,

If thou wilt be but *Lamberts* louing wife.

Margret. Content you, Gentles, you haue proffered faire,

And more then fits a Country maids degree :

But giue me leaue to counsaile me a time,

For fancie bloomes not at the first assault ;

Giue me but ten dayes respit, and I will reply,

Which or to whom my selfe affectionates.

Serlsby. *Lambert*, I tell thee, thou art importunate,

Such beauty fits not such a base Esquire :

It is for *Serlsby* to haue *Margret*.

Lamb. Thinkst thou with wealth to ouer-reach me,

Serlsby ? I scorne to brooke thy Country braues.

I dare

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I dare thee, Coward, to maintaine this wrong,
At dint of Rapier single in the field.

Serlsby. Ile answere *Lambert* what I haue auoucht.

Margret, farewell, another time shall serue. *Exit Serlsby.*

Lambert. Ile follow. *Peggie,* farewell to thy selfe,
Listen how well Ile answer for thy loue. *Exit Lambert.*

Margret. How Fortune tempers lucky happes with frownes,
And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight!

Loue is my blisse, and loue is now my bale.

Shall I be *Hellen* in my forward fates,

As I am *Hellen* in my matchlesse hue,

And set rich *Suffolke* with my face as fire?

If louely *Lacy* were but with his *Peggie,*

The cloudy darkenesse of his bitter frowne

Would checke the pride of these aspiring Squires,

Before the terme of ten dayes be expired,

When as they looke for answer of their loues,

My Lord will come to merry *Fresingfield,*

And end their fancies, and their follies both;

Till when, *Peggie* be blithe and of good cheere.

Enter a Poast with a letter and a bag of gold.

Poast. Faire louely Damsell, which way leads this path?
How might I poast me vnto *Fresingfield*?

Which footpath leadeth to the Keepers Lodge?

Margret. Your way is ready, and this path is right,

My selfe doe dwell hereby in *Fresingfield*;

And if the Keeper be the man you seeke,

I am his daughter: may I know the cause?

Poast. Louely and once beloued of my Lord,

No maruell if his eye was lodg'd so low,

When brighter beauty is not in the heauens,

The *Lincolne Earle* hath sent you Letters here,

And with them, iust an hundred pounds in gold.

Sweet bonny wench, read them, and make reply.

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Margret. The serowles that Ioue sent Danaë,
Wrapt in rich closiures of fine burnisht gold,
Were not more welcome then these lines to me.
Tell me, whilst that I doe vnrip the seales,
Lines *Lacy* well, how fares my louely Lord?

Poast. Well, if that wealth may make men to liue well,

The letter, and *Margret* reads it.

THe bloomes of the Almond tree grow in a night, & vanish
in a morne, the flies *Hemera* (faire *Peggie*) take life with
the Sunne, and die with the dew, fancy that slippeth in with a
gaze, goeth out with a winke; and too timely loues, haue euer
the shortest length. I write this as thy grieffe, and my folly,
who at *Fresingfield* lou'd that which time hath taught me to
be but meane dainties, eyes are dissemblers, and fancie is but
queasie, therefore know, *Margret*, I haue chosen a Spanish La-
dy to be my wife, chiefe wayting-woman to the *Princesse Elli-
nor*, a Lady faire, and no lesse faire then thy selfe, honorable and
wealthy, in that I forsake thee, I leaue thee to thine owne li-
king, and for thy dowry I haue sent thee an hundred pounds, &
euer assure thee of my fauour, which shall auaille thee and thine
much. Farewell. Not thine, nor his owne.

Edward Lacy.

Margret. Fond *Ata*, doomer of bad boasting fates,
That wraps proud Fortune in thy snaky locks,
Didst thou inchant my birth-day with such stars,
As lightned mischief from their infancy?
If heauens had vowd, if stars had made decree,
To shew in me their froward influence,
If *Lacy* had but lou'd, heauens, hell and all,
Could not haue wrong'd the patience of my minde.

Poast. It grieues me, Damsell, but the Earle is forst
To loue the Lady, by the Kings command.

Margret. The wealth combinde within the English shelues,
Europes

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Europes Commander, nor the English King,
Should not haue mou'd the loue of *Peggie* from her Lord.

Poast. What answere shall I returne to my Lord?

Margret. First, for thou camst from *Lacy* whom I lou'd,
Ah, giue me leaue to sigh at euery thought,
Take thou, my friend, the hundred pound he sent:
For *Margrets* resolution craues no dower;
The world shall be to her as vanity,
Wealth, trash; loue, hate; pleasure, despaire:
For I will straight to stately *Fremingham*,
And in the Abby there be shorne a Nun,
And yeeld my loues and liberty to God.
Fellow, I giue thee this, not for the newes,
For those be hatefull vnto *Margret*,
But for th'art *Laces* man, once *Margrets* loue.

Poast. What I haue heard, what passions I haue seene,
Ile make report of them vnto the Earle. *Exit Poast.*

Margret. Say, that she ioyes his fancies be at rest,
And prayes that his misfortunes may be hers. *Exit.*

*Enter Fryer Bacon drawing the courtaines with a white sticke, a booke
in his hand, and a lampe lighted by him, and the brazen head, and
Miles, with weapons by him.*

Bacon. *Miles*, where are you?

Miles. Here, sir.

Bacon. How chance you tarry so long?

Miles. Thinke you that the watching of the brazen head
craues no furniture? I warrant you, sir, I haue so armed my selfe,
that if all your deuils doe come, I will not feare them an inch.

Bacon. *Miles*, thou knowst that I haue diued into hell,
And sought the darkest palaces of the Fiends,
That with my Magicke spels great *Belzephon*
Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell,
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-form'd *Luna* hid her siluer lookes,

Trembling.

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Trembling vpon her concave continent,
When *Bacon* read vpon his Magicke booke,
With seuen yeeres tossing Nigromanticke charmes,
Poring vpon darke *Hesais* principles,
I haue fram'd out a monstrous head of brasse,
That by th'enchanting forces of the Deuill,
Shall tell out strange and vncoth Aphorismes,
And girt faire England with a wall of brasse:
Bungay and I haue watcht these threescore dayes,
And now our vitall spirits craue some rest,
If *Argos* liu'd and had his hundred eyes,
They could not ouer-watch *Phobeters* night,
Now *Miles*, in thee rests Fryers *Bacons* weale,
The honour and renoune of all his life,
Hangs in the watching of this brazen-head;
Therefore I charge thee by the immortall God,
That holds the soules of men within his fist,
This night thou watch; for ere the morning starre
Sends out his glorious glister on the North,
The head will speake; then (*Miles*) vpon thy life,
Wake me: for then by Magicke Art Ile worke,
To end my seuen yeeres taske with excellence,
If that a winke but shut thy watchfull eye,
Then farewell *Bacons* glory and his fame,
Draw close the curtaines, *Miles*, now for thy life,
Be watchfull and *Here he falleth asleepe.*

Miles. So, I thought you would talke your selfe asleepe anon, and 'tis no maruell, for *Bungay* on the dayes, and hee on the nights, haue watcht iust these ten and fifty dayes, now this is the night, and 'tis my taske and no more. Now Iesus blesse me, what a goodly head it is, & a nose! You talke of *nos autem glorificare*; but here's a nose, that I warrant may be cal'd *nos autem popelares* for the people of the parish. Well I am furnished with weapons, now sir, I will set me downe by a post, and make it as good as a watch-man to wake me if I chance to slumber.

I thought

I thought, goodman head, I would call you out of your *memento*,
passion a God, I haue almost broke my pate: Vp, *Miles*, to your
taske, take your browne bill in your hand, heres some of your
masters Hobgoblins abroad. *With this, a great noise.*

The Head Speakes.

Head. Time is.

Miles. Time is. Why, Master Brazen-head, haue you such
a capitall nose, and answer you with fillables, Time is? is this
all my masters cunning, to spend seuen yeeres studie about
Time is? Well, sir, it may be, we shall haue some orations of it
anon; well, Ile watch you as narrowly as euer you were watcht,
and Ile play with you as the Nightingale with the Slow-
worme, Ile set a pricke against my brest; now rest there,
Miles, Lord haue mercy vpon me, I haue almost kild my
selfe: vp, *Miles*, list how they rumble.

Head. Time was.

Miles. Well, Frier *Bacon*, you haue spent your seuen yeeres
study well, that can make your Head speake but two words at
once, Time was: yea mary, time was when my Master was
a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brazen-
head. You shall lye while you arse ake, and your Head speake
no better: well, I will watch and walke vp and downe, and be
a Peripatetian and a Philosopher of *Aristotles* stampe. What,
a fresh noyse? Take thy Pistols in hand, *Miles*.

*Here the Head speakes, and a lightning flasheth forth and
a hand appeares that breaketh downe the
Head with a hammer.*

Head. Time is past.

Miles. Master, master, vp, hell's broken loose, your head
speakes, and there's such a thunder and lightning, that I war-
rant, all Oxford is vp in armes; out of your bed, take a browne
bill in your hand, the latter day is come.

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Bacon. *Miles*, I come. O passing warily watcht!
Bacon will make thee next himseife in loue.

When spake the Head?

Miles. When spake the Head? did not you say that he should tell strange principles of Philosophy? Why, sir, it speakes but two words at a time.

Bacon. Why villaine, hath it spoken oft?

Miles. Oft, I mary hath it thrice: but in all thosethree times it hath vttered but seuen words.

Bacon. As how?

Miles. Mary sir, the first time he said, Time is, as if *Fabius Commentator* should haue pronounst a sentence: he said, Time was: and the third time with thunder and lightning, as in great choler, he said, Time is past.

Bacon. Tis past indeed. A villaine, time is past:
My life, my fame, my glory, all are past:

Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruin'd downe,
Thy seuen yeeres study lieth in the dust:
Thy Brazen-head lies broken through a slaue
That watcht, and would not when the Head did will.
What said the Head first?

Miles. Euen, Time is.

Bacon. Villaine, if thou hadst cald to *Bacon* then,
If thou hadst watcht and wakte the sleepey Fryer,
The Brazen-head had vttered Aphorismes,
And England had beene circled round with brasse:
But proud *Astmeroth*, ruler of the North,
And *Demegorgon*, master of the Fates,
Grudge that a mortall man should doe so much.
Hell trembled at my deepe commanding spels,
Fiends frownd to see a man their ouer-match,
Bacon might boast more then a man might boast:
But now the braues of *Bacon* haue an end,
Europes conceit of *Bacon* hath an end:
His seuen yeeres practice sorteth to ill end:
And villaine, sith my glorie hath an end,

I will

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I will appoint thee fatall to some end.

Villaine, auoid, get thee from *Bacons* sight :

Vagrant, goe rone and range about the world,
And perish as a vagabond on earth.

Miles. Why then, sir, you forbid me your seruice.

Bacon. My seruice, villaine ? with a fatall curse,
That direfull plagues and mischiefe fall on thee.

Miles. Tis no matter, I am against you with the old prouerb,
The more the Foxe is curst, the better he fares. God be with
you, sir, Ile take but a booke in my hand, a wide sleeued gowne
on my backe, and a crowned cap on my head, and see if I can
want promotion.

Bacon. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy weary steps,
Vntill they doe transport thee quicke to hell :
For *Bacon* shall haue neuer merry day,
To lose the fame and honour of his Head. *Exit.*

*Enter Emperour, Castile, Henry, Ellinor, Edward,
Lacie, Raphc.*

Emper. Now louely Prince, the Prince of Albions wealth,
How fares the Lady *Ellinor* and you ?
What, haue you courted and found *Castile* fit,
To answere *England* in equiuolence ?
Wilt be a match twixt bonny *Nell* and thee ?

Edward. Should *Paris* enter in the courts of *Greece*,
And not lye fettered in faire *Hellens* lookes ?
Or *Phœbus* scape those piercing amorits,
That *Daphne* glanced at his deitie ?
Can *Edward* then sit by a flame and freeze,
Whose heat puts *Hellen* and faire *Daphne* downe ?
Now Monarks, aske the Lady if we gree.

Henry. What, Madam, hath my sonnè found grace or no ?

Ellinor. Seeing my Lord his louely counterfeit,
And hearing how his minde and shape agreed,
I come not, troopt with all this warlike traine,

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Doubting of loue, but so affectionate,
As *Edward* hath in England what he wonne in Spaine.

Castile. A match, my Lord, these wantons needs must loue :
Men must haue wiues, and women must be wed,
Let's haste the day to honour vp the rites.

Raphe. Sirra *Harry*, shall *Ned* marry *Nell*?

Henry. I, *Raphe*, how then?

Raphe. Mary *Harry*, follow my counsell, send for Fryer *Bacon* to marry them, for heele so coniure him and her with his Nigromancy, that they shall loue together like Pigge & Lambe whilest they liue.

Castile. But hearst thou, *Raphe*, art thou content to haue *Ellinor* to thy Lady?

Raphe. I, so she will promise me two things.

Castile. Whats that, *Raphe*?

Raphe. That she will neuer scold with *Ned*, nor fight with me, Sirra *Harry*, I haue put her downe with a thing vnpossible.

Henry. Whats that, *Raphe*?

Raphe. Why *Harry*, didst thou euer see that a woman could both hold her tongue and her hands? no : but when egge-pyes grow on Apple-trees, then will thy gray Mare proue a Bag-piper.

Emperour. What sayes the Lord of *Castile* and the Earle of *Lincolne*, that they are in such earnest and secret talke?

Castile. I stand, my Lord, amazed at his talke?

How he discourseth of the constancy
Of one surnam'd for beauties excellence,
The faire maid of *Fresingfield*.

Henry. Tis true, my Lord, tis wondrous for to heare,
Her beautie passing *Marses* Paramour :
Her virgins right as rich as *Vestas* was,
Lacy and *Ned* haue told me miracles.

Castile. What sayes Lord *Lacy*? shall she be his wife?

Lacy. Or else Lord *Lacy* is vnfit to liue.

May it please your Highnesse giue me leaue to poast
To *Fresingfield*, Ile fetch the bonny girle,

And

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And proue in true apparance at the Court,
What I haue vouched often with my tongue.

Henry. Lacy, goe to the Quiry of my Stable,
And take such Coursers as shall fit thy turne,
Hie thee to Fresingfield, and bring home the Lasse,
And, for her fame flies through the English coast,
If it may please the Lady *Ellinor*,
One day shall match your Excellence and her.

Ellinor. We Castile Ladies are not very coy,
Your Highnesse may command a greater boone:
And glad were I to grace the Lincolne Earle
With being partner of his marriage day.

Edward. Gramercy, *Nell*, for I doe loue the Lord,
As he that's second to my selfe in loue.

Raphe. You loue her? Madam *Nell*, neuer belecue him you,
though he sweares he loues you.

Ellinor. Why *Raphe*?

Raphe. Why, his loue is like vnto a Tapsters glasse that is
broken with euery tutch; for he loued the faire maid of Fre-
singfield once out of all hoe; nay *Ned*, neuer winke vpon me,
I care not, I.

Hen. *Raphe* tels all, you shall haue a good Secretary of him.
But, *Lacy*, haste thee coast to Fresingfield:
For ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,
The solemne marriage day will be at hand.

Lacy. I goe, my Lord.

Exit Lacy.

Emperour. How shall we passe this day, my Lord?

Henry. To horse, my Lord, the day is passing faire,
Weele flie the Partridge, or goe rouze the Deere.
Follow, my Lords, you shall not want for sport.

Exeunt.

Enter Fryer Bacon with Fryer Bungay, to his Cell.

Bungay. What meanes the Fryer that frolickt it of late,
To sit as melancholy in his Cell,

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As if he had neither lost nor wonne to day ?

Bacon. Ah *Bungay*, my brazen-head is spoil'd,
My glory gone, my seuen yeeres study lost :
The fame of *Bacon* bruted through the world,
Shall end and perish with this deepe disgrace.

Bungay. *Bacon* hath built foundation on his fame,
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and vncoth miracles,
As this cannot infringe what he deserues.

Bacon. *Bungay*, sit downe, for by prospectiue skill,
I find this day shall fall out ominous,
Some deadly act shall betide me ere I sleepe :
But what and wherein little can I gesse.

Bungay. My minde is heauy whatsoere shall hap.

Enter two Schollers, sonnes to Lambert and Serlsby.
Knocke.

Bacon. Who's that knockes ?

Bungay. Two Schollers that desire to speake with you.

Bac. Bid the come in. Now, my youths, what would you haue ?

1. *Scholler.* Sir, we are Suffolke men & neighbouring friends,
Our fathers in their Countries lusty Squires,
Their lands adioyne, in Crackfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield, we are Colledge mates,
Sworne brothers, as our fathers liue as friends.

Bacon. To what end is all this ?

2. *Scholler.* Hearing your worship kept within your Cell
A glasse prospectiue wherein men might see,
What so their thoughts or hearts desire could wish,
We come to know how that our fathers fare.

Bacon. My glasse is free for euery honest man.
Sit downe, and you shall see ere long,
How or in what state your friendly fathers liue,
Meane while tell me your names.

Lambert. Mine *Lambert.*

2. *Scholler.* And mine *Serlsby.*

Bacon.

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Bacon. *Bungay*, I smell there will be a Tragedy.

Enter Lambert and Serlsby, with Rapiers and Daggers.

Lambert. *Serlsby*, thou hast kept thine houre like a man,
Th'art worthy of the title of a Squire :
That durst for proöfe of thy affection,
And for thy mistresse fauour prize thy blood ;
Thou knowst what words did passe at Fresingfield,
Such shamelesse braues as manhood cannot brooke :
I, for I skorne to beare such pearcing taunts,
Prepare thee, *Serlsby*, one of vs will die.

Serlsby. Thou seest I single thee the field,
And what I spake, Ile maintaine with my sword :
Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out.
And if thou kill me, thinke I haue a sonne,
That liues in Oxford in the Brodgates hall,
Who will reuenge his fathers blood with blood.

Lambert. And *Serlsby*, I haue there a lusty boy,
That dares at weapon buckle with thy sonne,
And liues in Brodgates too as well as thine ;
But draw thy Rapier : for weele haue a bout.

Bacon. Now lusty yonkers, looke within the glasse,
And tell me if you can discern your fires.

1. *Schol.* *Serlsby*, tis hard, thy father offers wrong,
To combat with my father in the field.

2. *Schol.* *Lambert*, thou liest, my fathers is the abuse,
And thou shalt finde it, if my father haue harme.

Bungay. How goes it, sirs ?

1. *Schol.* Our fathers are in combat hard by Fresingfield.

Bacon. Sit still, my friends, and see the euent.

Lambert. Why standst thou, *Serlsby*, doubtst thou of thy life ?
A veny, man, faire *Margret* craues so much.

Serlsby. Then this for her.

1. *Scholler.* Ah, well thrust.

2. *Scholler.* But marke the ward.

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They fight and kill each other.

Lambert. Oh, I am slaine.

Serlsby. And I, Lord haue mercy on me.

1. Scholler. My father slaine, *Serlsby* ward that.

The two Schollers stab one another.

2. Scholler. And so is mine, *Lambert*, Ile quite thee well.

Bungay. O strange stratagem!

Bacon. See, Fryer, where the fathers both lye dead,

Bacon, thy magicke doth effect this massacre :

This glasse prospectiue worketh many woes,

And therefore seeing these lusty Brutes,

These friendly youths did perish by thine Art.

End all thy magicke and thine Art at once :

The poniard that did end the fatall liues,

Shall breake the cause efficiat of their woes,

So fade the glasse, and end with it the showes,

That Nigromancy did infuse the christall with.

He breakes the glasse.

Bung. What meanes learned *Bacon* thus to breake his glasse?

Bacon. I tell thee, *Bungay*, it repeuts me sore,

That euer *Bacon* meddled in this Art,

The houres I haue spent in Piromanticke spels,

The fearefull tossing in the latest night,

Of papers full of Nigromanticke charmes,

Coniuring and adiuring Deuils and Fiends,

With Stole and Albe, and strange Pentaganon,

The wresting of the holy Name of God,

As *Sother*, *Elaim*, and *Adonai*,

Alpha, *Manoth*, and *Tetragrammaton*,

With praying to the five-fold powers of heauen,

Are instances that *Bacon* must be damn'd,

For vsing Deuils to counteruaile his God.

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Yet, *Bacon*, cheere thee, drowne not in despaire,
Sinnes haue their salues, repentance can doe much :
Thinke mercy fits where Iustice holds her seate,
And from those wounds those bloody Iewes did pierce,
Which by thy magicke oft did bleed afresh,
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,
To wash the wrath of hie *Iehouahs* ire,
And make thee as a new-borne babe from sinne.
Bungay, Ile spend the remnant of my life
In pure deuotion, praying to my God,
That he would saue what *Bacon* vainly lost. Exit.

Enter Margret in Nuns apparell, Keeper, her father, and their friend.

Keeper. *Margret*, be not so head-strong in these v^owes.
Oh bury not such beauty in a Cell :
That England hath held famous for the hue.
Thy fathers haire like to the siluer bloomes :
That beautifies the shrubs of Affrica
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forgoe his louely *Margret*.

Margret. A father, when the harmony of heauen
Soundeth the measures of a liuely faith :
The vaine Illusions of this flattering world,
Seeme odious to the thoughts of *Margret*.
I loued once, Lord *Lacy* was my loue,
And now I hate my selfe for that I lou'd,
And doated more on him than on my God :
For this I scourge my selfe with sharpe repents ;
But now the touch of such a spiring sinnes
Tels me, all loue is lust, but loue of heauens :
That beauty vsde for loue is vanity,
The world containes nought but alluring baites :
Pride, flattery, and inconstant thoughts,
To shun the pricks of death, I leaue the world,

H

And

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And vow to meditate on heavenly blisse,
To liue in Fremingham a holy Nunne,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed:
And for to wish all maides to learne of me,
To seeke heauens ioy before earths vanity.

Friend. And will you then, *Margret*, be shorne a Nunne, and
so leaue vs all?

Margret. Now farewell world, the engin of all woe,
Farewell to friends and father, welcome Christ:
Adieu to dainty robes, this base attire
Better befits an humble minde to God,
Then all the shew of rich habilliments.
Loue, oh Loue, and with fond Loue farewell,
Sweet *Lacy*, whom I loued once so deare,
Euer be well, but neuer in my thoughts,
Lest I offend to thinke on *Lacies* loue:
But euen to that as to the rest, farewell.

Enter Lacy, Warrain, Ermsby, booted and spurred.

Lacy. Come on my wags, we're neere the Keepers Lodge,
Here haue I oft walkt in the watry Meades,
And chatted with my louely *Margret*.

Warraine. Sirra *Ned*, is not this the Keeper?

Lacy. Tis the same,

Ermsby. The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton to him,
a Nunne, my Lord.

Lacy. Keeper, how farest thou holla man, what cheere,
How doth *Peggie* thy daughter and my loue?

Keeper. Ah, good my Lord! oh, woe is me for *Pegge*,
See where she stands clad in her Nunnas attire,
Ready for to be shorne in Fremingham:
She leaues the world, because she left your loue,
Oh good my Lord, perswade her if you can.

Lacy. Why how now *Margret*, what a maledcontent,
A Nunne? what holy father taught you this,
To taske your selfe to such a tedious life,

As dye a maid? 'twere iniury to me,
To smother vp such beauty in a Cell.

Margret. Lord *Lacy*, thinking of thy forme misse,
How fond the prime of wanton yeeres were spent
In loue, Oh fie vpon that fond conceite,
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye,
I leaue both loue and loues content at once,
Betaking me to him that is true loue,
And leauing all the world for loue of him.

Lacy. Whence, *Peggie*, comes this Metamorphosis?
What, shorne a Nunne, and I haue from the Court
Poasted with coursers to conuay thee hence,
To Windfore, where our marriage shall be kept?
Thy wedding robes are in the Taylors hands.
Come, *Peggie*, leaue these peremptory vowes.

Margret. Did not my Lord resigne his interest,
And make diuorce twixt Margret and him?

Lacy. 'Twas but to trye sweet *Peggies* constancy:
But will faire *Margret* leaue her loue and Lord?

Margret. Is not heauens ioy before earths fading blisse?
And life aboute sweeter then life in loue?

Lacy. Why then, *Margret* will be shorne a Nun.

Marg. *Margret* hath made a vow, which may not be reuokt.

Warraine. We cannot stay, my Lord, and if she be so strict,
Our leisure graunts vs not to woo afresh.

Ermsby. Choose you, faire Damsell, yet the choise is yours,
Either a solemne Nunnery, or the Court,
God, or Lord *Lacy*, which contents you best,
To be a Nun, or else Lord *Lacies* wife.

Lacy. A good motion. *Peggie*, your answer must be shone.

Marg. The flesh is frayle, my Lord doth know it well,
That when he comes with his inchanting face,
Whatsoere betide, I cannot say him nay.
Off goes the habit of a maidens heart,
And seeing fortune will, faire Fremingham,
And all the shew of holy Nuns, farewell,

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Lacy for me, if he will be my Lord.

Lacy. *Peggie*, thy Lord, thy loue, thy husband,
Trust me, by truth of *Knighthood*, that the King
Stayes for to marry matchlesse *Ellinor*,
Vntill I bring thee richly to the Court,
That one day may both marry her and thee.
How saist thou *Keeper*, art thou glad of this?

Keeper. As if the English King had giuen
The Parke and Deere of *Fresingfield* to me.

Ermesby. I pray thee my Lord of *Suffex*, why art thou in a
browne study?

Warraine. To see the nature of women, that be they neuer so
neere God, yet they loue to dye in a mans armes.

Lacy. What haue you fit for breakefast? we haue hied and
poasted all this night to *Fresingfield*.

Margret. Butter and cheese, and humbles of a Deere,
Such as poore *Keepers* haue within their Lodge.

Lacy. And not a bottle of wine?

Margret. Weele find one for my Lord.

Lacy. Come, *Suffex*, let's in, wee shall haue more, for shee
speakes least, to hold her promise sure.

Exeunt.

Enter a Deuill to seeke Miles.

Deuill. How restlesse are the ghosts of hellish sprites,
When euery Charmer with his Magicke spels
Cals vs from nine-fold trenched *Phlegiton*,
To scud and ouer-scoure the earth in poast,
Vpon the speedy wings of swiftest winds?
Now *Bacon* hath raisd me from the darkest deepe,
To search about the world for *Miles* his man,
For *Miles*, and to torment his lazy bones,
For carelesse watching of his brazen-head.
See where he comes: Oh he is mine.

Enter Miles with a gowne and a corner cap.

Miles. A Scholler, quoth you, mary sir, I would I had been
made

made a bottle-maker, when I was made a scholler; for I can get neither to be a Deacon, Reader, nor Schoole-master; no, not the Clarke of a Parish; some call me dunce: another saith, my head is as full of Latine, as an eg's full of oate-meale: thus I am tormented, that the Deuill and Frier Bacon haunts me. Good Lord, here's one of my masters Deuils! Ile goe speake to him: what master *Plutus*, how cheere you?

Deuill. Dooft thou know me?

Miles. Know you, sir, why are not you one of my masters Deuils, that were wont to come to my master Doctor Bacon, at Brazen-nose?

Deuill. Yes mary am I.

Miles. Good Lord, M. *Plutus*, I haue seene you a thousand times at my masters, and yet I had neuer the manners to make you drinke; but sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the state; I warrant you, he's as yeomanly a man, as you shall see, marke you masters, here's a plain honest man, without welt or gard; but I pray you sir, doe you come lately from hell?

Deuill. I mary, how then?

Miles. Faith, tis a place I haue desired long to see, haue you not good tippling houses there? may not a man haue a lusty fire there, a pot of good Ale, a paire of cardes, a swinging peece of chalke, and a browne toast that will clap a white waistcoat on a cup of good drinke?

Deuill. All this you may haue there.

Miles. You are for me, friend, and I am for you: but I pray you, may I not haue an office there?

Deuill. Yes, a thousand: what wouldst thou be?

Miles. By my troth, sir, in a place, where I may profit my selfe. I know hell is a hot place, and men are maruellous dry, and much drinke is spent there; I would be a Tapster.

Deuill. Thou shalt,

Miles. There's nothing lets me from going with you, but that tis a long iourney, and I haue neuer a horse.

Deuill. Thou shalt ride on my backe.

Miles. Now surely here's a courteous deuill, that for to plea-

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sure his friend, will not sticke to make a Iade of himselfe: but
I pray you Goodman friend, let me moue a question to you.

Deuill. What's that?

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Deuill. An amble.

Miles. Tis well, but take heed it be not a trot,
But tis no matter, He preuent it.

Deuill. What doest?

Miles. Mary, friend, I put on my spurs: for if I find your
pace either a trot, or else vneasie, He put you to a false gallop,
He make you feele the benefit of my spurs.

Deuill. Get vp vpon my backe.

Miles. Oh Lord, here's euen a goodly maruell, when a man
rides to heil on the Deuils backe.

Exeunt roaring.

*Enter the Emperour with a pointlesse sword, next, the King of Castile,
carrying a sword with a point, Lacy carrying the Globe, Edward
Warraine carrying a rod of gold with a Dove on it, Ermsby with
a Crowne and Scepter, the Queene with the faire maide of Presing-
field on her left hand, Henry, Bacon, with other Lords atten-
ding.*

Edward. Great Potentates, earths miracles for state,
Thinke that Prince Edward humbles at your feet,
And for these fauours on his martiall sword,
He vowes perpetuall homage to your selues,
Yeelding these honours vnto *Ellinour.*

Henrie. Gramercies, Lordings, old *Plantagenet,*
That rules and swayes the Albion Diademe,
With teares discouers these conceiued ioyes,
And vowes requitall, if his men at armes,
The wealth of England, or due honours done
To *Ellinor,* may quite his Favorites:
But all this while what say you to the Dames,
That shine like to the christall lampes of heauen?

Emperour. If but a third were added to these two,

They

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They did surpasse those gorgeous Images,
That gloried *Ida* with rich beauties wealth.

Margret. Tis I, my Lords, who humbly on my knee,
Must yeeld her horizons to mighty Ioue,
For lifting vp his handmaide to this state,
Brought from her homely cottage to the Court,
And graste with Kings, Princes and Emperours,
To whom (next to the noble Lincolne Earle)
I vow obedience, and such humble loue,
As may a handmaid to such mighty men.

Ellinor. Thou martiall man, that weares the Almaine Crown,
And you the Westerne Potentates of might,
The Albian Princesse, English *Edwards* wife,
Proud that the louely star of Fresingfield,
Faire *Margret*, Countesse to the Lincolne Earle,
Attends on *Ellinour*: gramercies, Lord, for her,
Tis I giue thanks for *Margret* to you all,
And rest for her due bounden to your selues.

Henric. Seeing the marriage is solemnized,
Let's march in triumph to the Royall feast.
But why stands Fryer *Bacon* here so mute?

Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth,
That Magicks secret mysteries misled,
And ioyfull that this Royall marriage
Portends such blisse vnto this matchlesse Realme.

Hen. Why, *Bacon*, what strange euent shall happē to this Lād?
Or what shall grow from *Edward* and his Queene?

Bacon. I find by deepe præscience of mine Art,
Which once I tempred in my secret Cell,
That here where *Bruie* did build his Troynouant,
From forth the Royall Garden of a King,
Shall flourish out so rich and faire a bud,
Whose brightnesse shall deface proud *Phæbus* flowre,
And ouer-shadow Albion with her leaves.
Till then, *Mars* shall be master of the field,
But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease,

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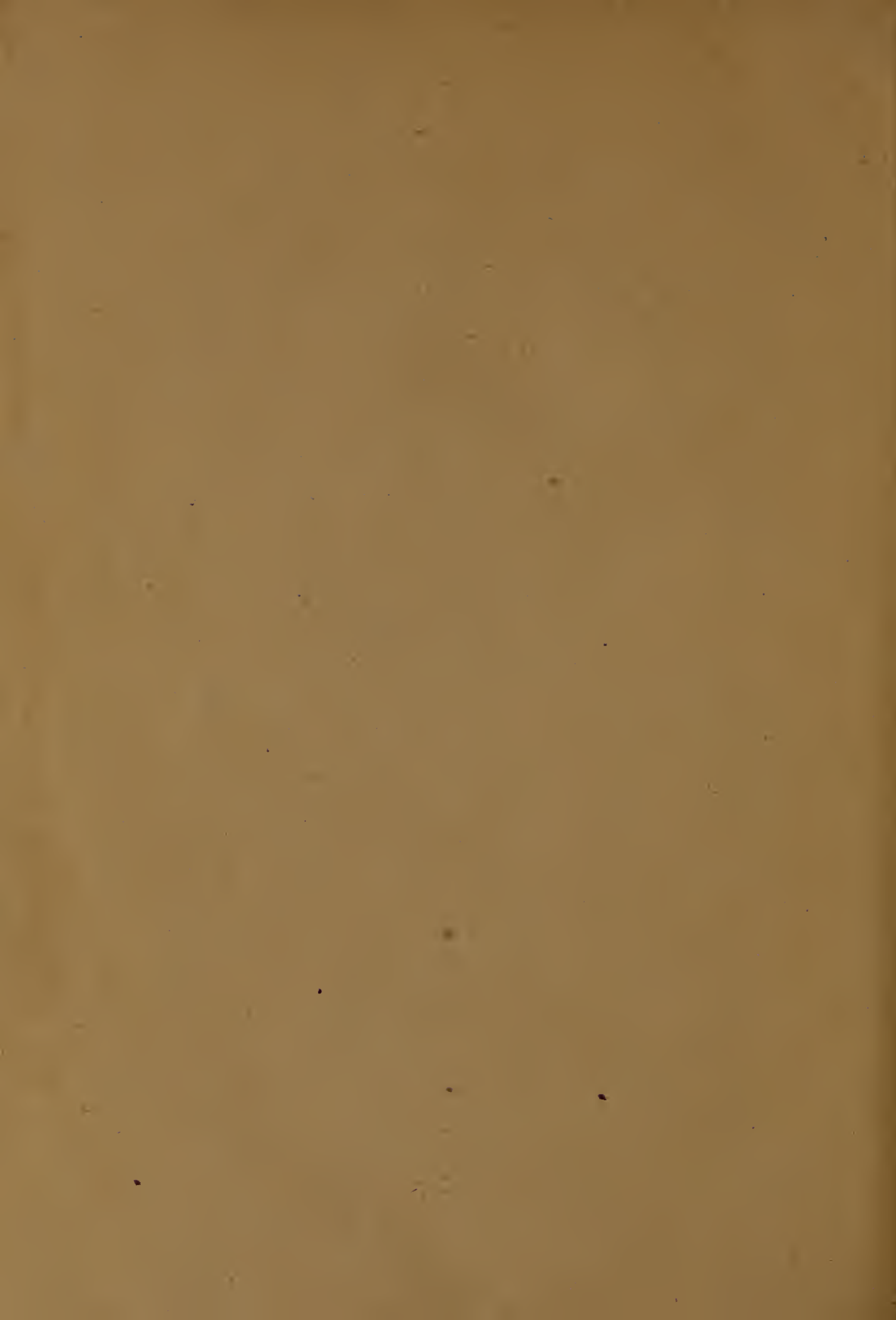
The horse shall stampe as carelesse of the pike,
Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight,
With wealthy fauours, plenty shall enrich
The strond that gladded wandring Brute to see,
And peace from heauen shall harbour in these leaues,
That gorgeous beautifies this matchlesse flower,
Apollos Hellitropian then shall stoope,
And *Venus* hyacinth shall vaile her top,
Iuno shall shut her Gilliflowers vp,
And *Pallas* Bay shall bash her brightest Greene,
Ceres carnation in consort with those,
Shall stoope and wonder at *Diana's* Rose.

Henric. This Prophecie is mysticall,
But glorious Commanders of Europa's loue,
That makes faire England like that wealthy Ile,
Circled with Gihen, and first Euphrates,
In Royallizing *Henries* Albion,
With presence of your princely mightinesse,
Let's march, the tables all are spred,
And viandes such as Englands wealth affords,
Are ready set to furnish out the bords,
You shall haue welcome, mighty Potentates.
It rests to furnish vp this Royall Feast,
Only your hearts be frolicke: for the time
Craues that we taste of nought but iouysance.
Thus glories England ouer all the West.

Exeunt omnes.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

F I N I S.



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BINDER,
Common

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